7.

THE Virgin-Martyr: A TRAGEDIE.

As it hath been of late Acted by his Majesties Servants with great Applause.

Written by PHILIP MESSENGER, and THOMAS DECKER.

London, Printed for *William Sheares*, at the Bible in *Coven-Garden*, 1661.

The Actors names,

Diocleſian, *Maximinus*, } Emperours of Rome.
A King of *Pontus*.
A King of *Epire*.
A King of *Macedon*.
Sapritius, Governour of *Cæſarea*.
Theophilus, a zealous perſecutor of the Chriſtians.
Sempronius, Captain of *Sapritius* Guards.
Antoninus, ſon to *Sapritius*.
Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.
Harpax, an evill ſpirit, following *Theophilus* in the ſhape of a Secretary.
Artemia daughter to *Diocleſian*.
Caliſte, *Chriſteta*. } Daughters to *Theophilus*.
Dorothea, The Virgin-Martyr.
Angelo, a good ſpirit, ſerving *Dorothea* in the habit of a Page.
A Brittiſh-Slave.
Hercius, a Whoremaſter. } Servants to *Dorothea*.
Spungius, a Drunkard. }
A Prieſt to *Jupiter*.
Officers and Executioners.

The

THE Virgin-Martyr.

Actus Primus, Scene I.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. COme to *Cæsarea* to night?
Harpax. Most true Sir.
Theophilus. The Emperour in person?
Harpax. Do I live?
The. 'Tis wonderous strange: the marches of great Princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious Metors,
Are step by step observ'd; and loud tongu'd fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near;
The Governour cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But by some secret means, he should have notice
Of *Cæsars* purpose in this; then excuse me
If I appear incredulous,
Harpax At your pleasure,
Theoph. Yet when I call to minde you never fail'd me
In things more difficult; but have discovered
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults;
No nor the power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but my Magick
Still laid them open: I begin again

To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check or fail,
Enter a Priest with the image of Jupiter, Calista, Christeta.
Harp. Loog on the vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,
I could say this, in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of nature) quite forsake
The gentle gods, had yeelded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and mild perswasions,
The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and so reclaim'd them:
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hels furies to me had they undergone it) *aside.*
They are now votaries in great *Jupiters* temple,
And by his Priest instructed grown familiar,
With all the mystries, nay, the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Diety.
Theoph. 'Twas a benefit,
For which I ever owe you. Hay'l *Joves Flamen*:
Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)
To your opinion?
Priest. And are constant to it:
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment;
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our Gods, and answer all
They can object against us.
Theoph. My dear daughters. (sect
Cali. We dare dispute against this new sprung
In private or in publick.
Har. My best Lady.
Persevere in it.
Christeta. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our blouds;

Harpax

Harp. Brave reſolution.
I ev'n grow fat to ſee my labors proſper.
Theoph. I young again: to your devotions.
Har. Do —
My prayers be preſent with you, *Exeunt Prieſt and daughters.*
Theo. Oh my *Harpax.*
Thou engine of my wiſhes, thou that ſteeld'ſt
My bloudy reſolutions, thou that arm'ſt
My eyes 'gainſt womaniſh tears and ſoft compaſſion,
Inſtructing me without aſigh, to look on
Babes torne by violence from their mothers breſt,
To feed the fire, & with them make one flame:
Old men as beaſts, in beaſts skins torn by dogs:
Virgins and Matrons tire the executioners,
Yet I unſatisfied think their torments eaſie.
Har. And in that, juſt, not cruell.
Theo. Were all Scepters.
That grace the hands of Kings made into one,
And offered me, all crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all, thus ſpit at them,
So I to all poſterities may be call'd
The ſtrongeſt Champion of the Pagan Gods,
And rooter out of Chriſtians.
Har. Oh mine own,
Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work
I ever live thy ſlave.
Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.
Theo. No more, the Governour.
Sap. Keep the Ports cloſe, and let the guards be doubl'd,
Diſarm the Chriſtians, call it death in any
To wear a ſword, and in his houſe to have one.
Semp. I ſhall be carefull Sir.
Sap. It will well become you.
Such as refuſe to offer ſacrifice
To any of our Gods, put to the torture,
Grub up this growing miſchief by the roots,
And know when we are mercifull to them,
We to our ſelves are cruell.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height.

I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they ſhall finde no favour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great maſter, who this night in perſon
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who, the Emperour? (triumph,

Har. To clear your doubts, he doth return in
Kings lackying by his triumphant Chariot;
And in his glorious victory; my Lord,
You have an ample ſhare: for know your ſon,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath fleſh'd his maiden ſword, and dy'd
His ſnowy Plums ſo deep in enemies bloud,
That, beſides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.

Har. My head anſwer the forfeit.

Sap. Of his victory
There was ſome rumour, but it was aſſured,
The army paſs'd a full days journey higher
Into the Country.

Har. It was ſo determin'd;
But for the further of your ſon,
And to obſerve the Government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remiſſe indulgence
The Chriſtians are purſu'd, he makes his ſtay here;
For proof, his Trumpets ſpeak his near arrivall.

Trumpets a far off.

Sap. Haſt good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garriſon ſpeak
Their welcome in loud ſhouts, the City ſhew
Her State and Wealth.

Sempr. I am gone. *Exit Sempronius.*

Sapritius O I am raviſh'd
With this great honour! cheriſh good *Theophilus*
This knowing ſcholer, ſend your fair daughters,
I will preſent them to the Emperour,

And

And in their ſweet Converſion as a mirrour,
Expreſſe your zeal and duty. *A leſſon of Cornets.*
Theoph. Fetch them, Good *Harpax.*

A guard brought in by Sempronius *ſouldiers leading in three Kings bound,* Antoninus *and* Macrinus *carrying the Emperours Eagles,* Diocleſian *with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in* Artemia, Sapritius *kiſſes the Emperours hand, then embraces his ſon,* Harpax *brings in* Caliſte *and* Chriſteta, *loud ſhouts.*

Diocle. So, at all parts I finde *Cæſarea*
Compleatly govern'd, the licencious ſouldier
Confin'd in modeſt limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigour;
The ancient Roman diſcipline reviv'd,
(Which raiſ'd Rome to her greatneſſe, & proclaim'd her
The glorious Miſtreſſe of the conquer'd world:)
But above all, the ſervice of the gods
So zealouſly obſerv'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy *Dioclesians* honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyall ſervants.
But I ſhall finde a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.
Sap. Mightieſt *Cæſar*,
Whoſe power upon this globe of earth is equal
To *Joves* in heaven; whoſe victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious Kings that ſtir againſt it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophees
Won in the Giants war; whoſe conquering ſword
Guided by his ſtrong arm, as deadly kils
As did his thunder; all that I have done,
Or if my ſtrength were centupl'd could do,
Comes ſhort of what my loyalty muſt challenge.
But, if in any thing I have deſerv'd
Great *Cæſars* ſmile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preſerve the honour of theſe Gods,
That make him what he is: my zeal to them
I ever have expreſſed in my fell hate

Againſt

Againſt the Chriſtian ſect, that with one blow,
Aſcribing all things to an unknown power;
Would ſtrike down all their temples, and allows them
No ſacrifice nor altars.

Diocl. Thou in this
Walk'ſt hand in hand with me, my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this moſt forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cæſar*,
If your imperiall Majeſty ſtand pleas'd
To ſhowre your favours upon ſuch as are
The boldeſt Champions of our religion;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of ſearching out, and puniſhing ſuch delinquents,
Was by your choiſe committed; and for proof,
He hath deſerv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partiall to none, not to himſelf, or thoſe
Of equall nearneſſe to himſelf, behold
This pair of Virgins.

Dio. What are theſe?

Sap. His Daughters.

Art. Now by your ſacred fortune, they are fair ones;
Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great lady,
They were moſt happy in your ſervice elſe:
On theſe (when they fell from their fathers faith)
I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
(They being ſeduc'd) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worſhip; I put on
The Scarlet robe of bold authority:
And as they had been ſtrangers to my bloud,
Preſented them (in the moſt horrid form)
All kinde of tortures, part of which they ſuffered
With Roman conſtancy.

Art. And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the Rack?

Theo. I did; but muſt

Confeſſe

Confeſſe there was a ſtrange contention in me,
Between the impartiall office of a Judge,
And pitty of a Father; to help Juſtice
Religion ſtept in, under which ods
Compaſſion fell: yet ſtill I was a Father;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with ſtripes, ſpent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, & wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themſelves, they would take pitty
On my gray hairs. Now note a ſudden change,
Which I with joy remember, thoſe whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were orecome
By ſeeing of my ſufferings; and ſo won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be aſſur'd,
I that us'd juſtice with a rigorous hand
Upon ſuch beautious Virgins, and mine own,
Will uſe no favour where the cauſe commands me,
To any other; but (as rocks) be deaf
To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deſerv'ſt thy place,
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordred
Touching the gods, tis lawfull to deſcend
To humane cares, and exerciſe that power
Heaven hath confer'd upon me; which that you,
Rebels and Traytors to the power of *Rome*,
Should not with all extremities undergoe,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger? *Epire.* We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yeſterday were Kings,
And had command o're others; we confeſſe
Our Grandſires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, deſire of freedom.
And if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happineſſe) who can accuſe
The famiſht mouth, if it attempt to feed;
Or ſuch whoſe fetters eat into their freedomes,
If they deſire to ſhake them off.

Pontus, VVe ſtand
The laſt examples to prove how uncertain
All humane happineſſe is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worſt.

Macedon. That ſpoke which now is higheſt
In Fortunes wheel, muſt when ſhe turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This conſider'd,
Taught the Ægyptian *Hercules Seſoſtris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by Captive Kings)
To free them from that ſlavery; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madneſs:
VVe are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, ſince her infant greatneſs, ever us'd
Such as ſhe triumph'd over; age nor ſex
Exempted from her tyranny; ſcepter'd Princes
Kept in their common Dungeons, and their children
In ſcorn train'd up in baſe Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen: in the Catalogue
Of thoſe unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is uſefull; ſome muſt ſuffer,
And be ſet up examples to ſtrike terrour
In others, though far off: but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Baſes
Too firm to ſhrink, or yeeld, we may uſe mercy,
And do't with ſafety, but to whom? Not cowards,
Or ſuch whoſe baſeneſſe ſhames the Conquerour,
And robs him of his victory, as weak *Perſeus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore, Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus* and of *Macedon*,
That I with curteſie can uſe my Priſoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: ſuch I found you
Before I made you mine; and ſince you were ſo,
You have not loſt the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune; had you born your ſelves
Dejectedly, and baſe, no ſlavery
Had been too eaſie for you: but ſuch is
The power of noble valour, that we love it

Ev'n

Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Deſire to make them friends, as I will you.
Epire. Mock us not *Cæſar.*
Diocle. By the gods I do not.
Unloſe their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,
Give them their Crowns again
Pon. We are twice overcome,
By courage and by courteſie,
Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithfull Vaſſals
To *Diocleſian*, and the power of Rome.
Epire, All kingdoms fall before her.
Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæſar.*
Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I moſt happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune, mixe ſome light diſaſter
With my ſo many joys to ſeaſon them,
And give them ſweeter reliſh; I am girt round
VVith true felicity, faithfull ſubjects here
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends;
But what's the Crown of all, in thee *Artemia*,
My onely child, whoſe love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other.
Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I ſtand bound to tender
As a daughter and a ſubject.
Diocle. VVhich requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia*;
Ty'd by a fathers care, how to beſtow
A jewel of all things to me moſt precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;
VVhich that thou maieſt with greater pleaſures taſte of,
Thou ſhalt not like with mine eyes but thine own;
Among theſe Kings, forgetting they were captives,
Make choice of any; by *Joves* dreadfull thunder,
My will ſhall rank with thine.
Arte. It is a bounty

The daughters of great Princes ſeldome meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the ſtate,
Or for ſome other publick ends, are forc'd
To match where they affect not: may my life
Deſerve this favour.

Diocle. Speak, I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further.
But theſe are baits to take a mean born Lady,
Not her that can boldly call *Cæſar* father,
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no King that lives receives addition;
To raiſe deſert and vertue by my fortune,
Though in a low eſtate, were greater glory,
Then to mix greatneſſe with a Prince, that owns
No worth but that name only.

Diocle. I commend thee,
'Tis like my ſelf.

Artem. If then of men beneath me,
My choice is to be made, where ſhall I ſeek,
But among thoſe that beſt deſerve from you?
That have ſerv'd you moſt faithfully, that in dangers
Have ſtood next to you, that have interpos'd
Their breaſts, as ſhields of proof, to dull the ſwords
Aim'd at your boſome, that have ſpent their bloud
To crown your brows with Lawrell.

Macrinus, Citherea
Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.

Har. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her ey's on me,
Fair *Venus* ſon, draw forth a leaden dart,
And that ſhe may hate me, transfix her with it,
Or, if thou needs wilt uſe a golden one,
Shoot in the behalf of any other;
Thou know'ſt I am thy votary elſe where.

Arte. Sir.

Theoph. How he bluſhes!

Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune,

Stand

Stand like a block when ſuch an Angel courts thee?
Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.
Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not firſt flight from the Eagles aëiry.
As I look on the Temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, Lady, I behold you,
And ſhall do ever.
Artem. And it will become you
While thus we ſtand at diſtance; but if love
(Love born out of the aſſurance of your virtues)
Teach me to ſtoop ſo low.
Anton. O rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadfull awe that waits
On Majeſty, and with you ſhare my beams.
Nay, make you too outſhine me, change the name
Of Subject into Lord; rob you of ſervice
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuſe me?
Ant. Refuſe you Madam, ſuch a worm as I am,
Refuſe what Kings upon their knees would ſue for?
Call it great Lady, by another name,
An humble modeſty, that would not match
A Molehill with *Olympus*.
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the warr,
As you are, *Antoninus*, a proved Souldier
Is fellow to a King.
Anton. If you love valour,
As 'tis a Kingly vertue, ſeek it out,
And cheriſh it in a King, there it ſhines brighteſt,
And yeelds the braveſt luſtre. Look on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not diſgrace him that he was
Orecome by *Cæſar*; it was victory
To ſtand ſo long againſt him: had you ſeen him,
How in one bloudy ſcene he did diſcharge

The parts of a Commander and a ſouldier,
Wiſe in direction, bold in execution;
You would have ſaid, great *Cæſars* ſelf exeepted,
The world yeelds not his equall.
Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his Troop,
You took him Priſoner.
Epire. Tis a truth great Princeſſe,
I'le not detract from valour.
Anto. 'Twas meere fortune, courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did ever man
Strive ſo againſt his own good.
Sap. Spiritleſſe villain,
How am I tortur'd? by the immortal gods.
I now could kill him.
Diocle. Hold *Sapritius*, hold,
On our diſpleaſure hold.
Har Why this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.
Sap. By heaven it is;
I ſhall think of it.
Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.
Artem. Nay kneel not ſir, I am no raviſher,
Nor ſo far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour ſafe;
Yet ſay hereafter, that thou haſt neglected
What but ſeen in poſſeſſion of another,
Will make thee mad with envy.
Ant In her looks
Revenge is written.
Mac. As you love your life ſtudy to appeaſe her.
Anto. Gracious Madam hear me.
Arte. And be again refus'd.
Anto. The tender of,
My life, my ſervice, not, ſince you vouchſafe it,
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me:
Pardon dread Princeſſe that I made ſome ſcruple
To leave a valley of ſecurity,
To mount up to the hill of Majeſty,

On

On which, the nearer *Iove* the nearer lightening.
What knew I, but your Grace made trial of me?
Durſt I preſume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannered hand, were death? The Fox
When he ſaw firſt the Forests King, the Lion,
Was almoſt dead with fear, the ſecond view
Only a little danted him, the third
He durſt ſalute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you ſhall finde a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Than duty yet allowes me,

Sap. VVell excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And that he may
Have means and opportunity to do ſo,
Artemia I leave you my ſubſtitute
In fair *Cæſarea.*

Sap. And here as your ſelf
We will obey and ſerve her.

Diocl. Antoninus.
So you prove hers, I wiſh no other heir,
Think on't; be careful of your charge *Theophilus*
Saprittus be you my daughters guardian.
Your company I wiſh, confederate Princes,
In our Dalmation wars, which finiſhed
VVith victory I hope, and *Maximinus*
Our brother and Copartner in the Empire,
At my requeſt won to confirm as much,
The Kingdoms I took from you wee'l reſtore,
And make you greater than you were before.

Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am loſt for ever, loſt *Macrinus.*
The anchor of the wretched hope forſake me,
And with one blaſt of fortune all my light
Of happineſſe is put out.

Macrin. You are like to thoſe
That are ill only, cauſe they are too well,
That ſurfeiting in the exceſſe of bleſſings,

Call

Call their abundance want: what could you wiſh,
That is not fall'n upon you? Honour, Greatneſſe,
Reſpect, Wealth, Favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princeſſe whoſe excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyſon ſtill is poyſon
Though drunk in gold, and all theſe flattering glories
To me, ready to ſtarve, a painted banquet,
And no eſſentiall food: When I am ſcorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her Love to me, Greatneſſe, or Empire,
That am ſlave to another, who alone
Can give me eaſe or freedome?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the ſcornfull *Dorothea*;
Is ſhe (though fair) the ſame day to be nam'd
With beſt *Artemia*? In all their courſes,
Wiſe men propoſe their ends. With ſweet *Artemia*
There comes a long pleaſure, ſecurity,
Uſher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With *Dorothea* (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senatour of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortall plague,
Speaks death is near;) the Princeſs heavie ſcorn,
Under which you will ſhrink; your fathers fury,
Which to reſiſt, even piety forbids;
And but remember, that ſhe ſtands ſuſpected
A favourer of the Chriſtian ſect, ſhe brings
Not danger, but aſſured deſtruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one ſmile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cheriſht, and preferr'd before
All joys in *Dorothea*; Therefore leave her.

Anto. In what thou think's thou art moſt wiſe, thou art
Groſly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and moſt fooliſh.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to ſell his liberty: with *Artemia*
I ſtill muſt live a ſervant; but enjoying
Divineſt *Dorothea*, I ſhall rule,

Rule

Rule as becomes a husband: for the danger,
Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
I slight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare sweare thou art, and wilt not take
A Governours place upon thee, be my helper.
Macrin You know *I* dare, and will do any thing,
Put me unto the rest.
Anto. Go then, *Macrinus*,
To *Dorothea*, tell her, *I* have worn,
In all the battels *I* have fought, her figure;
Her figure in my heart, which, like a Diety,
Hath still protected me: Thou canst speak well,
And of thy choisest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her: bear her these Jewels.
Sent in the way of Sacrifice, not service,
As to my Goddess. All lets thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visite her by the name of friendship;
No words to contradict this.
Macr I am yours:
And if my travel this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event.
Finis Actus primus.

Actus II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. TUrn Christian, would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turned me into a Capon; for I am sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.
Her. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here is a Gelding, if he can but sit him.
Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse; look else.
Her. But that is a kickish jade, fellow *Spungius*: have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a

Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon truſt for my corveting; a pox on your Chriſtian Coxatrices, they cry like poulterers wives, no mony no cony.

Spun Bacchus, The god of brewed wine and ſugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upſie-freeſie-tiplers, and ſuper-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head-warden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Mayor of all victualling-houſes, the ſole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houſes, Lanzeprezado to red-noſes, and invincible Adelantado over the armado of pimpled deep ſcarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalion ſtinker, did I make legs to.

Her. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of looſing a mans years by making theſe Indures; he that will not now then be *Calabingo*, is worſe than a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durſt out-drinke a Lord; but your Chriſtian Lords out-bowl me: I was in hope to lead a ſober life, when I was converted; but amongſt the Chriſtians, I can no ſooner ſtagger out of one Ale houſe, but I reel into another: they have whole ſtreets of nothing but drinking rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Her. Bawdy Priapus, the firſt Schoolmaſter that taught butchers how to ſtick pricks in fleſh, and make it ſwell, thou knoweſt was the only Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but ſince I left him, to follow a ſcurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our faſting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to uſe her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Chriſtian ſhe muſt endure,) ſhe preſently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with diſdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I ſee no remedy, fellow *Hercius*, but that thou and I muſt be half Pagans, and half Chriſtians; for we know very fools that are Chrihians.

Her. Right: the quarters of Chriſtians are good for nothing, but to feed Crows.

Spun True: Chriſtian Brokers, thou knowſt are made up of the quarters of Chriſtians; parboil one of theſe rogues and he is not meat for a dog; no, no, I am reſolved to have

an

an Infidels heart, though in ſhew I carry a Chriſtians face.

Her. Thy laſt ſhall ſerve my foot, ſo will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Miſtreſſe ſent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Gooſe, fellow *Hercius.*

Her. And Woodcock fellow *Spungius.*

Spun. Upon the poor lean Aſſe fellow, on which I rid to all the alms-women: what thinkeſt thou I have done with all this good chear.

Her. Eat it, or be choakt elſe.

Spun. Would my aſſe, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I ſold the victuals, and coyned the money into pottle pots of wine.

Her. Therein thou ſhewedſt thy ſelf a perfect demi-Chriſtian too, to let the poor beg, ſtarve and hang, or dy of the pip. Our pulling ſnotty-noſed Lady ſent me out likewiſe with a purſe of money, to relieve and releaſe priſoners; did I ſo, think you?

Spun Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Her. As I am a totall Pagan, I ſwore they ſhould be hanged firſt; for, ſirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and ſo I took ſcurvie common fleſh for the mony.

Spun. And wiſely done; for our Lady ſending it to priſoners, had beſtowed it out upon lowſie knaves, and thou to ſave that labour, caſts it away upon rotten whores.

Her. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack, an apes boy her page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white faced Monkey frights me too; I ſtole but a dirty pudding, laſt day, out of an alms-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitiface page hit me in the teeth with it.

Her. With the durty pudding; ſo he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crummed into ones porridge, who was half a Pagan too: the ſmug dandiprat ſmels us out, whatſoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he! let him take heed I prove not his back friend: i'le make him curſe his ſmelling what I do.

Her. Tis my Lady ſpoils the boy, for he is ever at her heels, and ſhe is never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo *with a book and a Taper lighted; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion.*

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eys,
In shew to climbe to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches: where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in French I hope.

Her. We ha'not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your Lady
Sent from her charitable hands to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied'em! yes, I'de be loth to have my belly so emptie, yet I'me sure I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the Prisoners?

Her. Went! no, I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? The Devils way, the way of sin,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust:
And you, to wash away the poor mans bread
In bowls of drunkenesse.

Spun. Drunkennes! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next neighbours man, called *Christopher*, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Her Or me given so to the flesh? my cheeks speak my doings

Ang. Avant ye theeves and hollow hypocrites;
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Her. Or in mine? Come amiable *Angelo*, beat the flint of your brain.

Spun. And lets see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your *Carebrunt*.

Ang. Your names even brand you: you are *Spungius* call'd,
And like a Spunge, you suck up liquorous wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun To hell! can any Drunkards legs carry him so far?

Ang. For bloud of Grapes you sold the widdows food,
And

And ſtarving them 'tis murther, what's this but hell?
Hereius your name, and Gotiſh is your nature:
You ſnatch the meat out of the priſoners mouth,
To fatten harlots; is not this hell to?
No angel, but the devil waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Her. No, better burn him, for I think he is a witch, but ſooth, ſooth him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo* true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-Chriſtians for my part.

Her. And ſhe ones for my part, we have 'em ſwim in ſholes hard by.

Spun. We muſt confeſſe, I took too much of the pot, and he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Her. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was coſen'd the poor; but tis a common thing; many a one, that counts himſelf a better Chriſtian than we two, hath done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, ſweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to my Lady; and if you take us creeping into any of theſe mouſe-holes of ſin any more, let Cats flea off our skins

Her. And put nothing but the poiſon'd tails of rats into thoſe skins.

Ang. Will you diſhonour her ſweet charity,
Who ſav'd you from the tree of death and ſhame?

Her. Would I were hang'd rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true from the gallows; yet I hope ſhe will not bar yeomen ſprats to have their ſwinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend. *Ent. Dorothea*

Her. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor Have you my meſſages (ſent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs,

Spun. Rob'm Lady, I hope neither my fellow nor I am theeves.

Her. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, elſe let me never lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-fiſh.

Dor. Who cheat the poor, & from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunder-bolts

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie;
Were you both faithfull true diſtributers?

Span. Lie Madam, what grief is it to ſee you turn Swaggerer, & give your poor minded raſcally ſervants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if thoſe wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whiſper but to mine ear, and you ſhall furniſh them.

Her. Whiſper, nay Lady for my part, I'le cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with ſo good a Lady;
For if you do———

Spun. Are we Chriſtians?

Her. The foul Fiend ſnap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Spun. Takes us for Bot chers.

Her. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My book and Taper.

Ang. Here moſt holy Miſtreſſe.

Dor. Thy voice ſends forth ſuch muſick, that I never
Was raviſhed with a more celeſtiall ſound,
Were every ſervant in the world like thee,
So full of goodneſſe, Angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,
And I like that name thou art; get thee to reſt,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppreſt.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary ſtars,
And force the wakefull Moon to loſe her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you:
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm ſinging with ſome quire in Heaven,
So bleſt I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my moſt lov'd Miſtreſſe, do not bid
Your boy, ſo ſerviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nie me ſtill then;
In golden letters down I'le ſet that day,
Which gave thee to me; little did I hope
To meet ſuch worlds of comfort in thy ſelf,
This little pretty body, when I coming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My ſweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,

Which

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my moſt chaſt boſome,
Me thought, was fild with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting ſince higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.
Ang. Proud am I, that my Ladies modeſt eye
So likes ſo poor a ſervant.
Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of Gold, but to behold thy Parents.
I would leave Kingdomes, were I Queen of ſome,
To dwell with thy good Father; for the ſon
Bewitching me ſo deeply with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt do't ten times more.
I pray thee my ſweet boy, ſhew me thy Parents,
Be not a ſham'd.
Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but by your palace,
Fil'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawn theſe eies upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven; and, pretie Miſtreſſe,
If your illuſtrious houre glaſſe ſpend his ſand
No worſe than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both ſhall meet my father there,
And he ſhall bid you welcome.
Dor A bleſſed day;
We all long to be there but looſe the way, *Exeunt*

Macrinus *friend to* Antoninus *enters, being met by* Theophilus *and* Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee *Macrinus.*
Mac. And three *Theophilus.*
Theoph. Gladſt thou in ſuch ſcorn?
I call my wiſh back.
Mac. I'm in haſte.
Theo. One word,
Take the leaſt hand of time up: ſtay.
Mac. Be brief.
Theo. As thought: I prithee tell me, good *Macrinus,*
How health and our fair Princeſſe lay together

This

This night; for you can tell; Courtiers have flies
That buz all news unto them.
Mac. She slept but ill.
Theo. Double thy curtesie; how does *Antoninus*?
Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.
Theo. Once more;
Thy head is full of Wind-mils: when doth the Princesse
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night?
Mac. I know not.
Theo. No? Thou art the Manuscript
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his secrets.
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.
Mac. Fare you well sir. *Exit.*
Her. Honesty is some Friend, and frights him hence;
And many Courtiers love it not.
Theo. What peece
Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? The
Man is from himself devided; Oh thou, the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me, my *Harpax*.
What gad-flie tickles so this *Macrinus*,
That up flinging the tail, he breaks thus from me.
Har. O sir, his brain-pan is a bed of Snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-bals, whose poisonous spawn
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villains,
That unless charms, more strong then Adamant,
Be us'd, the Romans Angels wings shall melt,
And *Cæsars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the Lawrel which he wears,
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?
His eyes and feet you see give strange assaults.
Theo. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabbed Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what (in'th name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching?

Harpax.

Har. This *Macrinus*
The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghoſt of women,
The bloudleſſe *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her rubie colour: yet *Antoninus*
plays the *Endimion* to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, ſeeks to catch her eys.
Theo. And what of this?
Har. Theſe are but creeping billows,
Not got to ſhore yet: but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his boſome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldeſt women do ſo;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal *Styx*, not all that blackneſſe
Can make a thing ſo foul as the diſhonours,
Diſgraces, Buffettings, and moſt baſe affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, ſtar of Court,
Great *Cæſars* daughter.
Theo. Now I conſter thee. (fill'd
Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being
With *Joves* Artillery, ſhot down at once,
To paſh your gods in peeces, cannot give,
With all thoſe Thunderbolts, ſo deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore,
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if ſhe once blaſt *Antoninus* ſoul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example——
Theo. Eats through *Cæſareas* heart liquid poyſon.
Have I invented tortures to tear Chriſtians,
To ſee but which, could all that feel hels torments
Have leave to ſtand aloofe here on earths ſtage,
They would be made till they again deſcended,
Holding the pains moſt horrid of ſuch ſouls,
May-games to thoſe of mine. Hath this my hand,
Set down a Chriſtians Execution
In ſuch dire poſtures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures?
And ſhall *Macrinus* and is fellow *Maſquer*
Strangle me in a dance?
Har. No, on, I hug thee,

For drilling thy quick brains in this quick plot
Of tortures againſt theſe Chriſtians: On, I hug thee:
Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*,
Fly thou and I in thunder.
Harp. Not for Kingdomes,
Pil'd upon Kingdoms; ther's a villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffique with; I do ſo hate his ſight,
That ſhould I look on him, I muſt ſink down.
Theo. I will not looſe thee, then her to confound.
None but this head with glories ſhall be crown'd
Har. Oh, mine own as I would wiſh thee. *Exeunt*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My truſtie *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my buſineſſe,
I prithee watch thoſe my ſtil-negligent ſervants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoyn'd them
To th'good of others; elſe wil you finde them flies
Not lying ſtill, yet in them no good lies:
Be carefull dear boy.
Ang. Yes, my ſweeteſt Miſtreſſe. *Exit.*
Dor. Now ſir, you may go on.
Mac. I then muſt ſtudie
A new Arithmetick, to ſum up the virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become.
There is in him ſo much man, ſo much goodneſſe,
So much honour, and of all things elſe, (ſtore,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his
He can enough lend others; yet much taken from him
The want ſhall be as little, as when *Seas*
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorneſſe
Of needy rivers.
Dor. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praiſe, than you to him that ows it.
M. If Queens viewing his preſents paid to the whiteneſs
Of your chaſt hand alone, ſhould be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous ſhares,
This he counts nothing: could you ſee main armies

Make

Make battels in the quarell of his valour,
That 'tis beſt, the trueſt, this were nothing;
The greatneſſe of his ſtate, his fathers voice
And arm, owing *Cæſarea*, he never boaſts of;
The *Sun*-beams which the Emperour throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one ſpot of Pride: no deareſt beauty,
All theſe heapt'd up together in one ſcale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.
Dor. Could gold buy you
To ſpeak thus for a friend, you ſir are worthy
Of more then I will number; & this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whoſe heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily ſtuck: but all which firſt you named,
And now this laſt, his love, to me are nothing.
Mac. You make me a ſad meſſenger, *Enter Antoninus*
But himſelf
Being come in perſon, ſhall, I hope hear from you,
Muſick more pleaſing.
Ant. Hath your ear, *Macrinus*,
Heard none then?
Mac. None I like.
Ant. But can there be
In ſuch a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chaſtity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty;
A life that's proſtrated beneath your feet?
Dor. I am guilty of a ſhame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray ſir pardon.
Ant. Good ſweetneſſe, you now have it, and ſhall go:
Be but ſo mercifull, before your wounding me
With ſuch a mortall weapon, as farewell,
To let me murmure to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.
Dor. If one immodeſt accent
Fly out, I hate you everlaſtingly.
Ant. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. *Hermes* inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Sapricius, *father to* Antoninus, *and Governour of Cæsarea, with him* Artemia *the Princesse,* Theophilus, Spungius, *and* Hircius.

Spun. So now, do you see? our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibling at the hook, and therefore untruss the Cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your moths, and no words of it.

Her No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women sell themselves daily, and are hacknied out for silver, why may not we then betray a scurvy Mistris for gold?

Spun. She fav'd us from the Gallows, and only to keep one Proverbe from breaking his neck, wee'l hang her?

The. 'Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

The. Away, away.

Her. To my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot. *Exeunt.*

Ant. Come let me tune you; glaze not thus your eys
With self-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glass you see our sex.
Do never murther propagation,
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my bloud are guilty.

Art. O base villain.

Sap. Bridle your rage sweet Princesse.

Ant. Could not my fortunes
(Reard higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of Gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth
You are to him lower then any slave

Is to a Monarch.
Sap. So insolent, base Christian?
Dor. Can I, with wearing my knees before him,
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
Y'are equal to a King.
Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying sorceresse. (the sun
Ant. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath
Will I be servant to: on my knees I beg it.
Pity me wondrous maid.
Sap. I curse thy baseness.
Theo. Listen to more.
Dor. O kneel not sir to me. (heart;
Ant. This knee is Emblem of an humbled
That heart which tortur'd is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others; even this heart,
To which for pity such a princesse sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.
Art. Slave thou liest.
Ant. Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of bloud.
Theoph. A very dog.
Ant. Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne're wil screw your conscience from that power
On which you Christians lean.
Sap. I can no longer; (sirra,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain:
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had struck thee in the womb.
Mac. We are betrayed. (kneel'st to,
Art. Is that your idol, traytor, which thou
Trampling upon my beauty?
Theo. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in pieces tear our *Jupiter*
For her? our *Mars* for her? our *Sol* for her?
A whore? a hell-hound, in this globe of brains?

Where a whole world of tortures, for ſuch furies,
Have fought (as in a Chaos) which ſhould exceed,
Theſe nails ſhall grubbing lie from ſcul to ſcul,
To finde one horrider, than all, for you,
You three.

Art. Threaten not, but ſtrike; quick vengeance flies.
Into thy boſome, caitiff: here all love dies. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O I am thunder-ſtrook!
We are both ore whelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a ſouldier,
And ſink beneath the violence of a woman?

Ant. A woman! a wrong'd Princeſſe, from ſuch a ſtar
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragicall events? My life is now
The ſubject of her tyranny.

Dor. That fear is baſe,
Of death, when that death doth but life diſplace
Out of her houſe of earth; you onely dread
The ſtroke, and not what follows when you are dead,
There's the fear indeed: come, let your eies
Dwell where mine do, you'l ſcorn their tyrannies.

Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus *a guard*, Angelo *comes and is cloſe by* Dorothea.

Ar. My fathers nerves puts vigour in mine arm,
And I his ſtrength muſt uſe; becauſe I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
Plaid with thee gently, when thou ſtrok'ſt my heart,
I'le not inſult on a baſe humbled prey,
By lingring out thy terrours; but with one frown
Kill thee, Hence with 'em to execution;
Seize him, but let even death it ſelf be weary
In torturing her: I'le change thoſe ſmiles to ſhrieks,
Give the fool that ſhe's proud of (Martyrdom)
In pieces rack that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reverence
I ow our gods and you are, in my boſome,
Torrents ſo ſtrong, that pitty quite lies drown'd

From

From ſaving this young man, yet when I ſee
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me,
Saith 'tis my ſon, I'm forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.
Art. And I deny.
Ant. Sir you diſhonour me,
To ſue for that which I diſclaim to have;
I ſhall more glory in my ſufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgment, ſince I offer
My bloud up to your anger: nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine:
Preſerve this Temple (build it fair as yours is)
And *Cæſar* never went in greater triumph,
Than I ſhall to the Scaffold.
Art. Are you ſo brave, ſir,
Set forward to his Triumph, and let thoſe two
Go curſing a long with him.
Dor. No, but pittying,
(For my part I) that you looſe ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the armie of my ſins, I have even
Labour'd to break, & cope with death to th'face;
The viſage of a hangman frights not me;
The ſight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are ſcaffoldings by which my ſoul climbs up
To an eternall habitation
Theo *Cæſars* imperiall daughter, hear me ſpeak;
Let not this Chriſtian *Thing*, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and *Cæſar*,
Build to her ſelf a Kingdome in her death,
Going laughing from us, no, her bittereſt torment
Shall be, to feel her conſtancy beaten down,
The bravery of her reſolution ly
Battered by the argument, into ſuch pieces,
That ſhe again ſhall (on her belly) creep
To kiſſe the pavements of our Panim gods.
Art. How to be done?
Theo. I'le ſend my daughters to her;
And they ſhall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Elſe ſpit at me, let me be made your ſlave,

And meet no Romans, but a villains grave.

Art. Thy priſoner let her be then: and *Sapritius*,
Your ſon, and that be yours, death ſhall be ſent
To him that ſuffers them by voice, or letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her eſtate;
Chriſtians to beggery brought, grown deſperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed. *Exeunt.*

Ang. O my admired Miſtreſſe! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you: claſp thine armour on.
Fight well, and thou ſhalt ſee, after theſe wars.
Thy head wear ſun-beams, and thy feet touch ſtars.

Enter Hercius and Spungius.

Her. How now *Angelo*, how is it? how is it? what thread ſpins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheele now?

Spun. Comeſta, Comſta, poor knave.

Her. Com a perte vou, com a perte vou, me petite garſoone.

Spun. Me partha we comrade, my half finch of mans fleſh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your ſides; you are hid in gold
O're head and ears.

Her We thank our Fates, the ſign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who would think, that wee comming forth of the arſe, as it were, or fag end of the world, ſhould yet ſee the golden age, when ſo little ſilver is ſtirring.

Her. Nay, who can ſay any Citizen is an aſſe, for lading his own back with money, till his ſoul cracks again, onely to leave his ſon like a guilded Coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wiſe man now, ſeeing me draw out of the pit of my treaſury, this little god with his belly full of Gold?

Spun. And this full of the ſame meat out of my ambrey.

Ang. That gold will melt to poyſon.

Spun. Poyſon! would it would, whole pintes for healths ſhall down my throat.

Her. Gold poyſon! there is never a ſhe-thraſher in *Ceſaria*, that lives on the flail of mony, will call it ſo.

Ang. Like ſlaves you ſold your ſouls for golden droſs,

Bewitching

Bewitching her to death, who ſtept between
You and the Gallows.

Spun. It was an eaſie matter to ſave us, ſhe being ſo well backt.

Her. The Gallows and we fell out, ſo ſhe did but part us.

Ang. The miſery of that miſtreſſe is mine own,
She begger'd, I left wretched.

Her. I can but let my noſe drop in ſorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoat of her eſtate is unlaced I confeſſe.

Her. Yes, and the ſmock of her charity is now all to pieces

Ang. For love you bear to her, for ſome good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of ſilver.

Her. How! a peece of ſilver! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money, unleſſe I weighed thee, and I weigh thee not a ruſh.

Spun. A piece of ſilver! I never had but two calves in my life, and thoſe my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a muſtard-tokens worth of argent.

Her. And ſo, ſweet Nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu.

Ang. Stay, One word yet; you now are full of gold.

Her. I would be ſorry my dog were ſo full of the pox.

Spun. Or any ſow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go, y are beggars both, you are not worth
That leather on your feet.

Her. Away, away boy.

Spun. Page, you do nothing but ſet patches on the ſols of your jeſts.

Ang. I'm glad I tri'd your love, which (ſee) I want not
So long as this is full.

Both. And ſo long as this---ſo long as this.

Her. *Spungius*, you are a pick-pocket.

Spun. *Hercius*, thou haſt nimb'd---ſo long, as not ſo much money is left, as will buy a louſe.

Her. Thou art a Thief, and thou lieſt in that gut, through which thy wine runs, if thou denieſt it.

Spun. Thou lieſt deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affronteſt it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language; all your gold gone?

Spun. Can the devill creep into ones breeches?

Her. Yes if his horns once get into his codpiece.

Ang. Come, ſigh not; I ſo little am in love
With that whoſe loſſe kills you, that ſee 'tis yours,
All yours, divide the heap in equall ſhare,
So you will go along with me to priſon,
And in our Miſtris ſorrows bear a part:
Say, will you? *Both.* Will we?

Spun. If ſhe were going to hanging, no gallows ſhould part us.

Her. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds paſt;
Happy are men when their beſt deeds are laſt.

Spun. True maſter *Angelo*; pray ſir lead the way. *exit. Ang.*

Her. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a Goal?

Her. Away and ſhift for our ſelves, ſhe'l do well enough there; for priſoners are more hungry after mutton, than catch-poles after priſoners.

Spun. Let her ſtarve then, if a whole Goal will not fill her belly. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus III. Scene I.

Enter Sapritius Theophilus, Prieſt, Caliſte, Chriſteta

Sap. SIck to the death I fear.

The. I meet your ſorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a witch,
A ſorcereſſe, *Theophilus*; my ſon
Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his ſtrange dotage on her. Would when firſt

He

He ſaw and lov'd her, the earth had open'd
And ſwallow'd both alive.
Theo. There's hope left yet.
Sap. Not any, though the Princeſſe were appeas'd
All title in her love ſurrendred up;
Yet this coy Chriſtian is ſo tranſported
With her Religion, that unleſſe my ſon
(But let him periſh firſt) drink the ſame potion,
And be of her belief, ſhe'ele not vouchſafe
To be his lawfull wife.
Prieſt. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I reſt aſſur'd
The reaſons of theſe holy maids will win her,
You'l find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.
Theo. If ſhe refuſe it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes ſhrikes, the Baſilisks killing eye,
The dreadful lightning, that does cruſh the bones
And never ſinge the skin, ſhall not appear
Leſſe fatall to her, than my zeal, made hot
With love unto my gods: I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw back this Apoſtata,
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her fathers faith; and to that end
Have brought my daughters hither.
Caliſte. And we doubt not
To do what you deſire.
Sap. Let her be ſent for,
Proſper in your good work and were I not
To attend the Princeſſe, I would ſee and hear
How you ſucceed.
The. I am commanded too,
Il'e bear you company.
Sap. Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before her highneſs, *Exit Sapr.*
The. Spare no promiſes,
Perſwaſions, or threats, I do conjure you;
If you prevail, tis the moſt glorious work

You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea *and* Angelo.

Prie. She comes.

Theo. We leave you;
Be conſtant and be carefull. *Exeunt Theop. & Prieſt.*

Cal. We are ſorry
To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd
You are at liberty; ſo well I love you,
That I could wiſh, for ſuch a cauſe as mine,
You were my fellow priſoners: prithee *Angelo*,
Reach us ſome chairs. Pleaſe you ſit?

Cal We thank you:
Our viſite is for love, love to your ſafety.

Chriſt. Our conference muſt be private, pray you therefore
Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may truſt him
With any ſecret that concerns my life;
Falſhood and he are ſtrangers; had you, Ladies,
Been bleſt with ſuch a ſervant, you had never
Forſook that way (your journey even half ended)
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of looſe laſcivious mirth, he would have ſtirr'd you
To holy meditations; and ſo far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miſerable
And wretched things you were, that for an hour
Of pleaſure here, have made a deſperate ſale
Of all your right in happineſſe hereafter.
He muſt not leave me, without him I fall;
In this life he is my ſervant, in the other
A wiſhed companion.

Ang. Tis not in the Devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to ſhake ſuch goodneſſe.

Dor. But you were ſpeaking, Lady.

Cal. As a friend
And lover of your ſafety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we
Even from the cradle, were brought up together.

Our amity encreasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected,
Dor. To the purpose.
Cal. We come then as good angels, *Dorothea*,
To make you happy, and the means so easie,
That, be not you an enemy to your self,
Already you enjoy it.
Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perswasion.
Cal. But what followed, Lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gives freely,
And showr'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controul,
Check, curb, or stop, (such is our Laws indulgence,)
All happiness forsook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choice delights, our parents curses
In stead of blessings, scorn, neglect, contempt
Fell thick upon us.
Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and (reconcil'd
To our forsaken Gods) we live again
In all prosperity.
Cal. By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy: the Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus* or a pillar,
More precious than Chrystal, to support
Our *Cupids* Image; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.
Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not Divels?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty.
Or Maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime

Than in a bad cauſe to be impudent.
Your gods, your temples, brothel houſes rather,
Or wicked actions of the worſt of men,
Purſu'd and practis'd your religious rites
O call them rather jugling miſteries,
The baits and nets of hell, your ſouls the prey
For which the devil-angels, your falſe pleaſures
A ſteep deſcent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternall torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerfull gods.

Dor. Which of your powerfull gods,
Your gold, your ſilver, braſſe, or wooden ones,
That can not do me hurt, nor proteſt you?
Moſt pittied women, will you ſacrifice
To ſuch, or call them gods or goddeſſes,
Your parents would diſdain to be the ſame,
Or you your ſelves? O blinded ignorance,
Tell me *Caliſte*, by the truth I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
To have him deifi'd to poſterity,
Deſire your Father an Adulterer,
A Raviſher, almoſt a Paracide,
A vile inceſtuous wretch?

Caliſte. That piety
And duty anſwer for me.

Dor. Or you *Chriſteta*,
To be hereafter regiſtred a goddeſſe,
Give your chaſte body up to the embraces
Of Goatiſh luſt, have it writ on your forehead,
This is the common whore, the proſtitute,
The miſtreſſe in the art of wantonneſſe,
Knows every trick and labyrinth of deſires
That are immodeſt.

Chriſteta. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn ſtrumpet?

Dor. No I think you would not;
Yet *Venus* whom you worſhip, was a whore?
Flora the Foundreſſe of the publick Stews;

And

And hath for that her ſacrifice: your great god,
Your *Jupiter*, a looſe adulterer,
Inceſtuous with his ſiſter: read but thoſe
That have Canoniz'd them, you'l find them worſe
Than, in Chaſt language, I can ſpeak them to you.
Are they immortall then, that did partake
Of humane weakneſſe, and had ample ſhare
In mens baſe affection? ſubject to
Unchaſt loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here *Jupiter* to ſerve his luſt turn'd Bull.
The ſhip indeed in which he ſtole *Europa*;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the wals of *Troy*
As a day-labourer; *Appolo* keeps
Admetus ſheep for bread; the *Lemnian* ſmith
Sweats at the Forge for hire; *Lymotheus* here,
With his ſtill growing Liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound faſt in hell with Adamant chains;
And thouſands more, on whom abuſed errour
Beſtows a Diety: will you then dear ſiſters,
For I would have you ſuch, pay your Devotions
To things of leſſe power than your ſelves?
Caliſte. We worſhip
Their good deeds in their images.
Dor. By whom faſhioned?
By ſinfull men. I'le tell you a ſhort tale,
Nor can you but confeſſe it was a true one.
A King of *Ægypt* being to erect
The Image of *Oſiris*, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons necks the richeſt Jewels,
And pureſt gold, as the materials
To finiſh up his work; which perfected,
With all ſolemnity he ſet it up,
To be ador'd, and ſerv'd himſelf his idol,
Deſiring it to give him victory
Againſt his enemies: but being overthrown,
Inrag'd againſt his god (theſe are fine gods,
Subject to humane fury) he took down
The ſenceleſs thing, and melting it again,
He made a baſon, in which Eunuchs waſh'd
His Concubines feet; and for this ſordid uſe

Some c

Some months it ſerv'd: his Miſtreſſe proving falſe,
As moſt indeed do ſo, and grace concluded
Between them and the Prieſts, of the ſame baſon
He made his God again: think, think of this,
And then conſider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleaſures that do leave ſharp ſtings behind them,
Have power to win ſuch as have reaſonable ſouls,
To put their truſt in droſſe.

Cal. Oh that *I* had been born
Without a Father,

Chr. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not ſo;
You may repaire all yet; the attribute
That ſpeaks his Godhead moſt, is, mercifull
Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worſhip,
Yet cannot ſtrike without his leave. You weep,
Oh 'tis a heavenly ſhowre, celeſtial balm
To cure your wounded conſcience, let it fall,
Fall thick upon it, and when that is ſpent,
I'le help it with another of my tears,
And may your true repentance prove the Childe
Of my true ſorrow, never mother had
A birth ſo happy.

Cal. We are caught our ſelves.
That came to take you; and aſſur'd of conqueſt,
We are your Captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
Your victory had been Eternal loſſe,
And this your loſſe immortall gain; fix here,
And you ſhall feel your ſelves inwardly arm'd
'Gainſt tortures, death and hell: but take heed, ſiſters,
That or through weakneſſe, threats, or milde perſwaſions,
Though of a Father, you fall not into
A ſecond and a worſe Apoſtacy.

Cal. Never, oh never; ſteel'd by your example,
We dare the worſt of tyranny.

Chr. Here's our warrant,
You ſhall along, and witneſſe it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then,

And

And reſt aſſur'd, the more you ſuffer here,
The more your glory, you to Heaven more dear *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Arte. *Sapritius*, though your ſon deſerve no pity,
We grieve his ſickneſſe, his contempt of us
We caſt behinde us, and look back upon
His ſervice done to *Ceſar*, that weighs down
Our juſt diſpleaſure: if his malady
Have grown from his reſtraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.
Sap. Your grace bindes us
Ever your humbleſt vaſſals.
Art. Uſe all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection: if the Chriſtian,
Whoſe beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the cauſe wils, I can
Command my own deſires.
The. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident,
Such eloquence and ſweet perſwaſion dwels
Upon my daughters tongues, that they will worke her
To any thing they pleaſe.
Sap. I wiſh they may,
Yet 'tis no eaſie taske to undertake,
To alter a perverſe and obſtinate woman. *A ſhout within.*
Art What means this ſhout. *loud muſick.*
Sap. 'Tis ſeconded with muſick, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant muſick, ha!
Semp. My Lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For ſo report gives out, the Chriſtian Lady,
The Image of great *Jubiter* born before them,
Sue for acceſſe.
The. My ſoul divin'd as much,
Bleſt be the time when firſt they ſaw this light

Their mother when ſhe bore them to ſupport
My Feeble age, fild not my lor-ging heart
With ſo much Joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Prieſt *with the Image of* Jupiter, *Incenſe and Cenſers, followed by* Caliſte, *and* Chriſteta, *leading* Dorothea.

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
Daughters, both of my body, and my mind;
Let me embrace in you my bliſſe, my comfort;
And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
Then if you never had faln off: I am raviſh'd
With the exceſſe of Joy (ſpeak happy daughters)
The bleſt event.
Cal. We never gain'd ſo much
By any undertaking.
Theo. O my dear girle,
Our gods reward thee,
Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better ſpent.
Chri. We are all now
Of one opinion.
Theo. My beſt *Chriſteta.*
Madam if ever you did grace, to worth;
Vouchſafe your Princely hands.
Art. Moſt willingly:
Do you refuſe it?
Cal. Let us firſt deſerve it.
The. My own child ſtill; here ſet our god, prepare
The incenſe quickly: come fair *Dorothea,*
I will my ſelf ſupport you, now kneel down,
And pay your vows to *Jupiter,*
Dor. I ſhall do it
Better by their example.
The. They ſhall guide you,
They are familiar with the ſacrifice;
Forward my twins of comfort, and to teach her
Make a joynt offering;
Chri. Thus. *Cal.* And thus, *They both ſpit at the Image, throw it down, & ſpurn it.*
Har. Profane,

And

And impious. Stand you now like a Statue?
Are you the Champion of the gods? Where is
Your holy zeal? your anger?
Theo. I am blaſted,
And, as my feet were rooted here, I finde
I have no motion; I would I had no ſight too;
Or if my eyes can ſerve to any other uſe,
Give me (thou injur'd power) a ſea of tears,
To expiate this madneſſe in my daughters;
For being themſelves, they would have trembled at
So blaſphemous a deed in any other.
For my ſake, hold a while thy dreadfull thunder
And give me patience to demand a reaſon
For this accurſed act.
Dor. 'Twas bravely done.
The. Peace damn'd Enchantreſs, peace. I ſhould look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That ſhakes with rage, ſhould much out-ſtrip my tongue,
And ſeal my vengeance on your hearts; but nature
To you that have falln once, bids me again
To be a father. O how durſt you tempt
The anger of great *Jove*?
Dor. A lack poor *Jove*,
He's no Swaggerer, how ſmug he ſtands,
Hee'l take a kick or any thing,
Sap. Stop her mouth.
Dor. It is the antienteſt godling; do not fear him,
He would not hurt the Thief that ſtole away
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not;
And ſtill it is the ſame quiet thing.
The. Blaſphemer,
Ingenious cruelty ſhal puniſh this,
Thou art paſt hope: but for you, dear daughters
Again bewitcht, the due of mild forgiveneſs
May gently fall provided you deſerve it
With true contrition: be your ſelves again;
Sue to the offended Diety.
Chr. Not to be
Miſtreſſe of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incenſe to it, much leſſe kneel;
Nor look on it, but with contempt and ſcorn,
To have a thouſand years confer'd upon me,
Of worldly bleſſings: we profeſſe our ſelves
To be like *Dorothea*, Chriſtians.
And ow her for that happineſſe.
The. My ears
Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerfull to make man wretched.
Art. Are theſe they
You brag'd could convert others?
Sap. That want ſtrength
To ſtand themſelves?
Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
The credit our cauſe depends upon it,
Something you muſt do ſuddenly.
The. And I will:
Har. They merrit death, but falling by your hand
'Twill be recorded for a juſt revenge,
And holy fury in you.
The. Do not blow,
The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breaſt, wildefire burns here (power,
Which only bloud muſt quench: incenſed
Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The ſacrifice (though not allow'd thy Prieſt)
Which I will offer to thee; and be pleas'd,
(My fiery zeal inciting me to act it)
To call that juſtice, others may ſtile murther.
Come you accurſed, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
Leſſe pitifull than tygers to their prey.
And thus with mine own hand, I take that life
Which I gave to you. *kils them.*
Dor. O moſt cruel Butcher. (Porter
The. My anger ends not here; hels dreadfull
Receive into thy ever open gates
Their damned ſouls, and let the furies whips

On

On them alone be waſted: and when death
Cloſes theſe eyes, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their ſhrikes and howlings; make me, *Pluto*,
Thy inſtrument to furniſh thee with ſouls
Of that accurſed ſect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath conſum'd them all.

Exit with Harpax hugging him

Enter Artemia *laughing.*

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Dor. O call him back again, (left
Call back your hangman, here's one priſoner
To be the ſubject of his knife.

Art. Not ſo,
We are not ſo near reconcil'd unto thee;
Thou ſhalt not periſh ſuch an eaſie way:
Be ſhe your charge, *Sapritius*, now, and ſuffer,
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Miſtris,
Theſe Martyrs prepare your glorious fate,
You ſhall exceed them and not imitate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Spungius, Hercius, ragged, at ſeverall doors.

Her. Spungius.

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this totterd world?

Her. Haſt any money?

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-Ivie clings about my money and kils it. Haſt thou any money?

Her. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap opned, away it runs.

Spun. I ſee then, a Tavern and a Bawdie-houſe have faces much alike, the one hath red grates next doore, the other hath peepingholes withindoors; the tavern hath evermore a buſh, the bawdie-houſe, ſometimes neither hedge nor buſh. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdiehouſe not able to ſtand. In the tavern, you are couſen'd with paultry wine, in a bawdie-houſe by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue, or keep door-

rotten bawd, without a silver whistle; we are justly plagued therefore; for runing from our Mistresse.

Her. Thou did'st, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me Turpentine pils, and that staid my runing.

Spu. Wel, the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose ey, looking upon my lowsie breeches, cries out it cannot mend 'em, which so pricks the linings of my body, & those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, & midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have *Atropos* (the tailor to the destinies) to take her shears, & cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron goose of mortality, & so presse me to death.

Her. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit of these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Her A low minded Cobler, a Cobler, whose zeal set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose awl, I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvie stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happinesse is gone awry.

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'st thy shooe awry.

Her. Long I cannot last; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seamrent, and go wetshod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Coblers son, by going through stitch: O *Hercius*, would thou and I were so happie to be coblers.

Her. So would I; for both of us now being wearie of our lives, should then be sure of shoomakers ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starv'd

Her. So am not I, but I am more than famish'd.

Spun. All the members in my body are in rebellion one against another.

Her. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff a spitfull of roast-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'st not gape and feed me?

Her. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun.

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, becauſe they look not out, and ſharke for victuals.

Her. Which mine eyes ſeeing full of tears, cry aloud, & curſe my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, ſithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can ſmell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie ſtill, and had rather do nothing than run too and fro to purchaſe any thing.

Her. Why among ſo many millions of people, ſhould thou and I onely be miſerable totter-demallions, rag-a-muffins, and lowſie deſperates?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I-am-an-o*, *I-am-an-as*; conſider the whole world, 'tis as we are.

Her. Lowſie, beggerly, thou whorſon *Aſſa Fœtida*.

Spun. Worſe, all totterings all out of frame, thou *Foliamini*;

Her. As how *arſrick*: come make the world ſmart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggery rides caroched, honeſt men make feaſts, knaves ſit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, ſouldiers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore, bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when al the world ſtumbles, ſhould thou & I walk upright?

Har. Stop, look who's yonder. *Enter* Angelo.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo!* how does my little man? well?

Ang. Yes, and would you did ſo: where are your cloaths

Her. Cloaths! You ſee every woman almoſt go in her looſe gown, and why ſhould not we have our cloathes looſe

Spun. Would they were looſe.

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawned? where's all the gold I left with you?

Her. The gold? we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he hath couſen'd us.

Spun. And therefore I prethee *Angelo*, if thou haſt another purſe, let it be confiſcate and brought to devaſtation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies, I know which way
Your gilt-wing'd pieces flew; I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be ſorry for your riots,
Tame your wilde fleſh by labour, eat the bread
Got with hard hands: let ſorrow be your whip To

To draw drops of repentence from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You ſhall not want, till then, my pitty dies. *Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a ſhame, that this ſcurvie *Puerilis* ſhould give us leſſons?

Her. I have dwelt thou knowſt, a long time in the Suburbs of the conſcience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart ſhall rake a houſe within the walls of honeſty,

Enter Harpax *aloofe.*

Spu. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggery; the ſound of ſcorea pottle of ſack, is worſe then the noiſe of a ſcolding oyſter wench, or two cats incorporating

Har. This muſt not be, I do not like when conſcience
Thaws; keep her frozen ſtill: how now my maſters?
Dejected; drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torne,
Lean and ill colour'd, ſighing! Wher's the whirle-winde
Which raiſeth all theſe miſchiefs? I have ſeen you
Drawd better on'ts. O! but a ſpirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thruſt
Your ſelves into the ſervice of that Lady,
Who ſhortly now muſt dy: where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on ſcurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a ſort of rogues,
And lowſie priſoners?

Her. Pox on'em, I never proſper'd ſince I did it.

Spun Had I been a Pagan ſtill, I could not have ſpit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him truſt me, becauſe I turn'd Chriſtian, and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly ſerv'd; before that peeviſh Lady
Had to do with you, women, wine, money
Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

Her. Oh! thoſe daies, thoſe daies.

Har. Beat not your breaſts, tear not your hair in madnes,
Thoſe daies ſhall come again (be rul'd by me)
And better, (mark me) better.

Spun I have ſeen you ſir, as I take it, an attendant on the Lord *Theophilus.*

Har. Yes, yes, in ſhew his ſervant: but hark hither,
Take heed no body liſtens.

Spun.

Spun. Not a Mouſe ſtirs.
Har. I am a Prince diſguis'd.
Her. Diſguis'd! how? drunk?
Har. Yes my fine boy, I'le drink too, and be drunk;
I am a Prince, and any man by me,
(Let him but keep my rules) ſhall ſoon grow rich.
Exceeding rich, moſt infinitely rich;
He that ſhall ſerve me, is not ſtarv'd from pleaſures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.
Spun But that ſir, we are ſo ragged ——
Har. You'l ſay you'd ſerve me.
Her. Before any maſter under the Zodiack.
Har. For cloaths no matter, I have a minde to both.
And one thing I like in you, now that you ſee
The bonefire of your Ladies ſtate burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?
Her. Let her be hang'd. *Spun.* And pox'd
Harp. Why now y'are mine.
Come let my boſome touch you:
Spun. We have bugs ſir.
Har. There's mony, fetch your cloths home, ther's for you.
Her. Avoid vermine: give over our miſtreſſe! a man cannot proſper worſe, if he ſerve the devill. (vil
Har. How? the devill! Ile tell you what now of the De-
He's no ſuch horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, ſaucer-ey'd, his noſtrils breathing fire,
As theſe lying Chriſtians make him.
Both. No!
Har. He's more loving to man, then man to man is.
Her. Is he ſo! would we two might come acquainted with him.
Har. You ſhall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, any thing, if you have money, its ten to one but i'le bring him to ſome Tavern to you, or other.
Sp. I'le beſpeak the beſt room in the houſe for him.
Har. Some people, he cannot endure.
Her. Wee'l give him no ſuch cauſe.
Har. He hates a Civill Lawyer, as a ſouldier loves peace
Spun. How a Commoner?
Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one fooliſh queſtion: doth the Devil eat any Mace in his broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver takes him, and then he hath the knuckles of a Bailiff, boyled to his breakfaſt.

Her. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, doth he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward doth a dog. A Catchpole! he hath ſworne, if ever he dies, to make a Sergeant his heir, and a Yeoman his Overſer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate, will the Porter let him come in, ſir?

Har. Oh he loves porters of great mens gates, becauſe they are ever ſo near the wicket.

Her. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his ſtroaking their cheeks, lead helliſh lives under him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, ſee if it doth not come.

Spun. Any thing!

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore, ſhe is brought you.

Her. Oh my elbew itches: will the devill keep the door.

Har. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun O My fine devill! ſome watchman I warrant; I wonder who is his Conſtable?

Har. Will you ſwear, roar, ſwagger? he claps you.

Her. How? on the chaps.

Har. No, on the ſhoulder, and cries, O my brave boys. Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes yes, I, I.

Har. What is his word? hang, hang, tis nothing
Or ſtab a woman?

Her. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har H re is the worſt word he gives you a pox on't, go on.

Her. O inveigling raſcal! I am raviſhed.

Har. Go, get your cloaths, turn up your glaſs of youth,
And let the ſands run merrily; nor do I care
From what a laviſh hand your money flies,
So you give none away, feed beggars. *Her.* Hang'em.

Har. And to the ſcrubbing poor.

Her.

Her. Ile ſee 'em hang'd firſt.

Har. One ſervice you muſt do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your miſtreſſe *Dorothea*, ere ſhe ſuffers,
Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts
To tear her into ſhrikes, to fetch her ſoul
Up into the Pangs of death, yet not to die.

Her. Suppoſe this ſhe, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppoſe this ſhe, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Her. But will not you be there ſir?

Har. No, not for hils of Diamonds; the grand Maſter
Who ſchools her in the Chriſtian diſcipline,
Abhors my company, ſhould I be there,
You'd think all hell broke looſe, we ſhould ſo quarrel.
Ply you this buſineſſe; he, who her fleſh ſpares,
Is loſt, and in my love never more ſhares.

Spun. Here's a maſter you rogue.

Ser. Sure he cannot chuſe but have a horrible number of ſervants *Finis Actus tertij.* *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scene I.

A bed thruſt out, Antoninus *upon it ſick, with Phyſitians about him,* Sapritius *and* Macrinus.

Sap. O You that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes
Of your myſterious *Æſculapian* ſcience.
'T encreaſe the number of this young mans days,
And for each minuite of his time prolong'd,
Your fee ſhall be, a piece of Roman Gold
With *Cæſars* ſtamp, ſuch as he ſends his Captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but ſave him
And as he is half my ſelf, be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promiſe, Phyſicks hand
As apt is to deſtroy as to preſerve,
If Heaven make not the medicine: all this while

Our skill hath combat held with his diſeaſe;
But tis ſo arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
To be ſuch in part with death, we are in fear
The grave muſt mock our labours
Mac I have been
His keeper in this ſickneſſe, with ſuch eyes
As I have ſeen my mother watch o're me,
And from that obſervation, ſure I find,
It is a midwife muſt deliver him.
Sap. A midwife! is he with child?
Mac. Yes, with child,
And will I fear loſe life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed: ſtand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken ſlumbers,
Him ſhall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*,
And when his arms flie open to catch her,
Cloſing together, he falls faſt aſleep,
Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form:
Phyſitians but torment him, his diſeaſe
Laughs at their giberiſh language; let him hear
The voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the name,
He ſtarts up with high colour in his face.
She or none cures him, and how that can be,
(The Princeſſe ſtrict command barring that happineſſe)
To me impoſſible ſeems.
Sap. To me it ſhall not;
Ile be no ſubject to the greateſt *Cæſar*
Was ever crownd with Lawrel, rather than ceaſe
To be a Father.
Mac. Silence, ſir, he wakes.
Anto. Thou kilſt me, *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.
Mac. Shee's here, I enjoy her.
Anton Where? why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath ſtuck no white hairs yet
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
Upon a woman; I to buy her beauty,
(Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
And ſhe for my acquaintance hazards hers,
Yet for our equal ſufferings, none holds out
A hand of pitty.

Doct. Let him have ſome muſick.
Ant. Hell on your fidling.
Doct. Take again your bed, ſir,
Sleep is a Soveraign Phyſick.
Ant. Take an aſſes-head, ſir,
Confuſion on your fooleries, your charms.
Thou ſtinking gliſter-pipe: where's the God of reſt,
Thy pils; and baſe Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me? Out you impoſtors,
Quackſalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skil,
Is to make ſound men ſick, and ſick men kill.
Mac. O be your ſelf dear friend:
Ant. My ſelf, *Macrinus*?
How can I be my ſelf, when I am mangled
Into a thouſand pieces? here moves my head,
But wher's my heart? Where ever, that lies dead.

Enter Sapritius, *dragging* Dorothea *by the hair*, Angelo *attending*.

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd ſorcereſs, cal up thy ſpirits,
And (if they can) now let them from my hand
Untwine theſe witching hairs.
Ant. I am that ſpirit:
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron ſhould hew that hand in pieces,
That ſo defaces this ſweet monument
Of my loves beauty.
Sap. Art thou ſick?
Ant. To death.
Sap. Wouldſt thou recover?
Ant. Would I live in bliſſe?
Sap. And do thine eys ſhoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?
Ant. It is not in the world.
Sap. Is't here?
Anton. O treaſure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near?
Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rifle,
The ſpoils thy luſt hunts after: I deſcend

To a baſe office and become thy Pander
In bringing thee this proud Thing; make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if ſhe deny to give it,
Force it; imagine thou aſſault'ſt a towns
Weak wall, too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and (unſeen) be witneſſe to this battery,
How the coy ſtrumphet yeelds.
Dott. Shall the boy ſtay, ſir?
Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to theſe od bawdie
Shufflings, and indeed, are thoſe
Little young ſnakes in a furies head,
Will ſting worſe than the great ones;
Let the Pimp ſtay. *Exeunt aſide.*
Dor. O guard me angels,
What Tragedie muſh begin now?
Ant. When a Tyger
Leaps into a temerous heard, with ravenous Jaws,
Being hunger ſtarv'd, what tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death, I am happy ſo; you hitherto
Have ſtill had goodneſſe ſpar'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.
Ang. Fear not Miſtreſſe,
If he dares offer violence, we two
Are ſtrong enough for ſuch a ſickley man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpoſe ſir, your eye
Bears danger in it.
Ant. I muſt.
Dor. What?
Sap. Speak it out.
Ant. Climb that ſweet Virgin tree
Sap. Plague a your trees.
Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think ever) taſted.
Sap. A ſouldier and ſtand fumbling ſo
Dor. O kill me. *Kneels.*
And heaven will take it as a ſacrifice.
But if you play the Raviſher, there is
A hell to ſwallow you.
Sap. Let her ſwallow thee
Ant. Riſe; for the Roman Empire (*Dorothea*)

I would not wound thine honour; pleasure forc'd
Are unripe apples, sowr, not worth the plucking:
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I should seize upon you, as my prey,
Which I abhor as much as the blackest sin
The villanie of man did ever act. Sapritius *breakes in*
Ang. Die hapie for this language. *and* Macrinus
Sap Die a slave,
A blockish ideot,
Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.
Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both I think are geldings:
Cold, phlegmatick bastard, th'art no brat of mine;
One sparke of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire: a tempting whore
(For whom thou'rt mad) thrust even into thine arms,
And stand'st thou pulling? Had a Taylor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his crosse capers,
Had ruffled her by this; but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes.
Tear thy flesh in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call our a slave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.
Ant. What will you do, dear sir?
Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn
In lesse than half an hour, to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Mac. A slave is to me, what now?
Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour: from what countrie
Wert thou tane prisoner, here to be our slave?
Slave. From Brittain.
Sap. In the West Ocean?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. An Island?
Slave. Yes.
Sap. I am fitted; of all nations
Our Roman swords ever conquer'd, none comes near

The

The Brittain for true whoring: firrah fellow,
What wouldſt thou do to gain thy liberty?
Sla. Do! Liberty! Fight naked with a Lion,
Venture to pluck a ſtandard from the heart
Of an arm'd Legion: Liberty! I'de thus
Beſtride a rampire, and defiance ſpit
In th' face of death, then, when the battering Ram
Were fetching his carere backward, to paſh
Me with his horns in pieces: to ſhake my chains off,
And that *I* could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodſt thou on this dry ſhore, I on a rock
Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or dy my ſelf: What is for man to do,
I'le venture on, to be no more a ſlave.
Sap. Thou ſhalt then be no ſlave, for I will ſet thee
Upon a piece of work is fit for man.
Brave for a Brittaine: drag that thing aſide,
And Raviſh her.
Slave And raviſh her! is this your manly ſervice?
A devil ſcorns to do it; tis for a beaſt,
A villain, not a man: I am as yet
But half a ſlave; but when that worke is paſt
A damned whole one, a black ugly ſlave,
The ſlave of all baſe ſlaves; do't thy ſelf, Roman,
'Tis drugery fit for thee.
Sap. He's bewitched too:
Binde him, and with a baſtinado give him
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.
Sla. Thou art more ſlave than *I*. *Exit carried in.*
Dor. That power ſupernal, on whom waits my ſoul,
Is Captain ore my chaſtity. *Ant.* Good ſir, give ore.
The more you wrong her, your ſelfe's vex'd the more.
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus down I throw
Thy harlot by the hair, nail her to earth.
Call in ten ſlaves, let every one diſcover
What luſts deſires, and ſurfet here her fill:
Call in ten ſlaves.
Ang. They are come, ſir, at your call.
Sap. Oh, oh! *Falls down.*

Enter

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governour?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*; he's not dead; my Lord:
That Witch there.

Ant. 'Tis no Roman gods can ſtrike
Theſe fearfull terrors: O thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpoſe of my father.

Dor. I do.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou
Haſt done this act infernall.

Dor. Heaven pardon you, (down
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance
(I can no miracles work) yet from my ſoul,
Pray to thoſe powers I ſerve, he may recover.

The. He ſtirs, help raiſe him up; My Lord;

Sap Where am I?

The. One cheek's blaſted.

Sap. Blaſted! where's the *Lamia* (her.
That tears my entrals? I'm bewitched ſeize on

The. I'm here, do what you pleaſe.

Dor Come boy being there, more near to heaven we are.

Sap. Kick harder, go out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloudie hangman! thine own Gods give the breath
Each of thy tortors, is my ſeverall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax, Hercius, *and* Spungius.

Har. Do you like my ſervice now, ſay am not I
A maſter worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the ſoles of your dirtie boots, than wear the richeſt ſute, of any infected Lord, whoſe rotten life hangs between the two Poles.

Her. A Lords ſute! I would not give up the cloak of your ſervice, to meet the ſplay foot eſtate of any left ey'd knight above the Antipodes, becauſe they are unluckie to meet.

Har. This day I'le trie your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to uſe the agility of your arms,

Spun. Or legs, I am luſty at them,

Her. Or any other member that hath no legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into ſome hole,

Her. If I meet one thats more then my match, & that I

cannot ſtand in their hands, I muſt and will creep on my knees.

Har. Hear me, my little teem of vilains hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with theſe cudgels,
Yet you muſt uſe them; lay them on; but ſoundly:
That's all.

Her. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.

Spun. But what Wal-nut-tree is it we muſt beat?

Har. Your miſtreſſe.

Her. How! my miſtreſſe? I begin to have a Chriſtians heart made of ſweet butter; I melt, I cannot ſtrike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unleſſe ſhe ſcratch; bum my miſtreſſe!

Har. Y'are Coxcombs, ſilly animals,

Her. What's that?

Har. Drones, Aſſes, blinded Moles, that dare not thruſt
Your arms to catch fortune; ſay you fall off,
It muſt be done: you are converted Raſcals,
And that once ſpread abroad, why every ſlave
Will kick you, call you motley Chriſtians,
And half fac'd Chriſtians.

Sp The guts of my conſcience begin to be of whit-leather.

Her. I doubt me, I ſhall have no ſweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and every Pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thruſt into your eyes.

Her. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to
Shall add a fathom, to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I deſire no more.

Her. I deſire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you paſs along,
Clap you upon your ſhoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man ſhall be, can get a nail,
The paring——, nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to ſay, this dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hercius*.

Spu. They ſhall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpoſe, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Her. The firſt thing I do, I'le take her over the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may ſtrike any where.

Har.

Har. Yes, any where.

Her. Then I know where I'le hit her.

Har. Proſper and be mine own; ſtand by I muſt not
To ſee this done, great buſineſſe calls me hence;
He's made can make her curſe his violence. *Exit.*

Spun. Fear it not ſir, her ribs ſhall be baſted.

Her. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble, hobble, & thwick, thwack thirlery bouncing.

Enter Dorothea *led Priſoner, a guard attending, a hangman with cords in ſome ugly ſhape, ſets up a Pillar in the middle of the ſtage,* Sapritius *and* Theophilus *ſit,* Angelo *by her.*

Sap. According to our Roman cuſtoms, bind
That Chriſtian to a Pillar.

The. Infernall fuires,
Could they into my hand, thruſt all their whips
To tear my fleſh, thy ſoul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I ſhould heap on thee,
For wrongs done me, for flagitious facts
By thee done unto our gods: yet (ſo it ſtand
To great *Cæſarea*'s Governours high pleaſure)
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any ſlight ſacrifice, or do but ſwear
By *Cæſars* fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou ſhalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæſars* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then any kingdoms in the world,
And all thoſe worlds drawn after him, I defie
Your hangman, you now ſhew me whether to flie.

Sap Are her torments ready.

Ang. Shrink not dear miſtreſſe.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the buſineſſe,

Dor. You two! whom I like foſtred Children fed,
And lengthened out your ſtarved life with bread:
You be my hangman! whom, when up the ladder
Death hal'd you to be ſtrangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike. *ſtrike at her:* Angelo *kneeling holds her faſt.*

The. Beat out her brains,

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faſter ſlaves.

Spun. Faſter: I am out of breath I am ſure; if I were to beat a buck, I can ſtrike no harder.

Her. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my torments weary
In torturing me, and in my ſufferings
I fainting in no limb? tyrants ſtrike home
And feaſt your fury full.

The. Theſe Dogs are curs, *Come from his ſeat.*
Which ſnarl, yet bite not: ſee my Lord, her face
Hath more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it ſmiles; cannot an eye ſtart out
With theſe?

Her. No ſir, nor the bridge of her noſe fall, 'tis full of Iron work.

Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

Ang. There fix thine eye ſtil; thy glorious crown muſt come
Not from ſoft pleaſure, but by Martyrdome.
There fix thine eye ſtill, when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roſes ſhall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye ſtill. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax *ſneaking.*

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, theſe Bats have power to fel down Gyants, yet her skin is not ſcar'd.

Sap. What rogues are theſe.

The. Cannot theſe force a ſhrike? *Beats them.*

Spun. O! a woman hath one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her rore. *Beats t'other, he rores.*

Sap. Who hir'd theſe ſlaves? What are they?

Spun. We ſerv'd that noble Gentleman there, he entic'd us to this dry beating: oh for one half pot. (vants

Her. My ſervants! two baſe rogues, and ſometimes ſer-
To her, and for that cauſe forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up theſe.

Theo.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Her. Hang us! Maſter *Harpax*, what a divel ſhall we be thus uſ'd?

Har. What bandogs but you two, would worry a woman? Your Miſtreſſe! I but clapt you, you flee on:
Say I ſhould get your lives, each raſcall begger
Would when he met you cry out hel-hounds, traitors
Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman
Ever endure your ſight: 'tis your beſt courſe
Now (had you ſecret knives) to ſtab your ſelves,
But ſince you have not, go and be hang'd.

Her. I thank you.

Har. 'Tis your beſt courſe.

The. Why ſtay they trifling here?
To Gallows drag them by the heels; away.

Sp By the heels! No ſir, we have legs to do us that ſervice.

Her. I, I, if no woman can endure my ſight, away with me.

Har. Diſpatch them.

Spun The devill diſpatch thee. (*Theophilus*,

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph;
See this witch made away too.

The. My ſoul thirſts for it;
Come I my ſelf the hangmans part could play

Dor. O haſten me to my Coronation day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, *ſervants.*

Ant. Is this the place, where vertue is to ſuffer?
And heavenly beauty leaving this baſe earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it *Macrinus*? *A ſcaffold thruſt forth.*

Mac. By this preparation
You well may reſt aſſur'd, that *Dorothea*
This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies
The abſtract of all ſweetneſſe that's in woman;
Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death cloſe up mine eys, they may at once

Take my laſt leave both of this light, and her:
For ſhe being gone, the glorious ſun himſelf
To me's *Cymerian* darkneſſe.

Mac. Strange affection;
Cupid once more hath chang'd his ſhafts with death,
And kills in ſtead of giving life.

Ant. Nay Weep not,
Though tears of friendſhip be a ſoveraign balm,
On me they are caſt away: it is decreed
That I muſt die with her, our clue of life
Was ſpun together.

Mac. Yet ſir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who hearing only what ſhe ſuffers,
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to calamity, an eye-witneſſe (pierce
Of her laſt tragick ſcene, which muſt th'deeper,
And make the wound more deſperate.

Ant. O *Macrinus*,
'Twould linger out my torments elſe, not kill
Which is the end I aim at, being to die too:
What Inſtrument more glorious can I wiſh for,
Than what is made ſharpe by my conſtant love
And true affection; it may be, the duty
And loyal ſervice, with which I purſu'd her,
And ſeald it with my death, will be remembred
Among her bleſſed actions, and what honour
Can I deſire beyond it.

Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, *a headſman before her, followed by* Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.

The. See ſhe comes,
How ſweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven it ſelf, than any ſacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the ſight makes me doubtfull
In my belief; nor can *I* think our gods
Are good, or to be ſerv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kinde; that to maintain
Their power, deface the maſter-peece of nature

Which

Which they themſelves come ſhort of: ſhe aſcends,
And every ſtep, raiſes her nigher heaven.
What god ſo ere thou art, that muſt injoy her,
Receive in her a boundleſſe happineſſe.
Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.
Mac. It was his will, (him
And we were left to ſerve him, not comand
Ant. Good ſir be not offended, nor deny
My laſt of pleaſures, in this happy object
That *I* ſhall ere be bleſt with.
The. Now proud contemner
Of us and of our Gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou ſerv'ſt to ſave thee.
Not all the riches of the ſea, increas'd
By violent ſhipwracks, nor the unſearched Mines;
Mammons unknown Exchequer, ſhal redem thee:
And therefore having firſt with horrour weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleaſures and delights: laſtly, to go
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell;
Furies behinde, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the *Elizium* joyes thou might'ſt have taſted,
Hadſt thou not turn'd Apoſtata to thoſe gods
That ſo reward their ſervants, let diſpair (fold
Prevent the hangmans ſword, and on this ſcaf-
Make thy firſt entrance into hell.
Ant. She ſmiles,
Vnmov'd by *Mors*, as if ſhe were aſſur'd
Death looking on her conſtancy, would forget
The uſe of his inevitable hand.
The. Derided too? Diſpatch I ſay.
Dor. Thou fool
That glorieſt in having power to raviſh
A trifle from me. I am weary of:
What is this life to me? Not worth a thought;
Or if to be eſteem'd, 'tis that I looſe it
To win a better: even thy malice ſerves
To me but as a ladder to mount up.

To

To ſuch a height of happineſſe where I ſhall
Look down with ſcorn with thee & on the world;
Where circl'd with true pleaſures, plac'd above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an eaſie price I bought it.
There is a perpetuall ſpring, perpetuall youth,
No joynt benumming cold, nor ſcorching heat,
Famine nor age, having any being there,
Forget for ſhame your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion, your fain'd *Heſperian* Orchards:
The Golden fruit kept by the watchfull dragon
Which did require *Hercules* to get it, (there,
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty
Deſerves not to be nam'd. The powre I ſerve
Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elizian ſhades, for he hath made his bowers
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

Ant. O take me thither with you.

Dor. Trace my ſteps
And be aſſur'd you ſhall.

Sap. With my own hands
I'le rather ſtop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing feaver.

The. By no means,
Let him go with her: do ſeduc'd young man,
And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
And when you come to that imagin'd place,
And meet thoſe curſed things I once called daughters,
Whom I have ſent as harbingers before you,
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulneſſe to me, that (with care) haſten
Your ourney thither, pray ſend me ſome
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boaſt of.

Ant. Grant that *I* may go with her, and *I* will.

Sap. Wilt thou in the laſt minute, dam thy ſelf?

The. The Gates to hell are open.

Dor. Know thou tyrant
Thou agent for the Devill thy great maſter,
Though thou art moſt unworthy to taſte of it,
I can and will.

Enter.

Enter Angelo *in the Angels habit.*

Har. Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottome of the deep,
Where light may never find me.

Theo. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

Theo. Harpax, my *Harpax*, ſpeak,

Har. I dare not ſtay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were loſt.
Some whirlwind ſnatch me from this curſed place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I ſuffer,
Hels torments are ſweet ſlumbers. *Exit Harpax.*

Sap. Follow him.

Theo. He is diſtracted, & I muſt not loſe him.
Thy charms upon my ſervant; curſed witch,
Gives thee a ſhort reprieve: let her not die
Till my return. *Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*

Ant. She minds him not: What object
Is her eye fix'd on?

Mac. I ſee nothing.

Ant. Mark her. (ſerve

Dor. Thou glorious miniſter of the power I
(For thou art more then mortall) is't for me,
Poor ſinner, thou art pleas'd a while to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchſafeſt
(Though glorifyed) to take my ſervants habit;
For put off thy divinity, ſo look'd
My lovely *Angelo*,

Ang. Know I am the ſame,
And ſtill the ſervant to your piety.
Your zealous pr..yers, and pious deeds firſt won me
(But 'twas by his command to whom you ſent them)
To ..ide your ſteps. I tri'd your Charity,
When in a beggars ſhape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you believ'd) my famiſh'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in ſuch habits (often)
Angels deſire an alms. I never left you,

Nor will I now; for I am ſent to carry
Your pure and innocent ſoul to joys eternall,
Your Martyrdome once ſuffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and reſt aſſur'd,
You ſhall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments: ſince I finde ſuch grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languiſheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will performe it,
And in that inſtant when the ſword ſets free
Your happy ſoul, his ſhall have liberty.
Is there ought elſe?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My perſecutor, who in ſcorne deſir'd
To taſte of that moſt ſacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as ſent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly dear miſtreſſe.

Mac. I am amaz'd. *Ant.* I feel a holy fire
That yeelds a comfortable heat within me:
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was;
See I can ſtand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kiſſe.

Enter Sapritius *and* Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

The. It matters not,
We can diſcharge this work without his help.
But ſee your ſon. *Sap.* Villain

Ant. Sir I beſeech you,
Being ſo near our ends, divorce us not.

The. I'le quickly make a ſeparation of 'em:
Haſt thou ought elſe to ſay?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardineſſe in ſending me to reſt;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my ſoul

Begins

Begins to take her flight: ſtrike, O ſtrike quickly;
And though you are unmov'd to ſee my death
Hereafter, when my ſtory ſhall be read,
As they were preſent now, the hearers ſhall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies. *her head ſtruck off.*
Ant. O take my ſoul along to wait on thine.
Mac. Your ſon ſinks too. *Antoninus ſinks.*
Sap. Already dead! *The.* Die all
That are, or favour this accurſed ſect:
I triumph in their ends, and will raiſe up
A hill of their dead carkaſſes to o're look
The *Pyrenian* hils, But I'le root out
Theſe ſuperſtitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Chriſtian. *Loud muſick: exit* Angelo, *having firſt laid his hand upon their mouths.*
Sap. Ha, heavenly muſick!
Mac. 'Tis in the air.
The. Illuſions of the Devill,
Wrought by ſome witch of her Religion
That fain would make her death a miracle:
It frights not me. Becauſe he is your ſon,
Let him have buriall, but let her body
Be caſt forth with contempt in ſome high-way
And be to Vultures, and to dogs a prey. *Exeunt.*

The End of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scene I.

Enter Theophilus *in his ſtudy. Books about him.*

The. IS't holy day (O *Cæſar*) that thy ſervant
(Thy Provoſt to ſee execution done
On theſe baſe Chriſtians in *Cæſarea*)
Should now want work? ſleep theſe idolaters,
That none are ſtirring? As a curious Painter, *Riſes.*
When he has made ſome honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a ſearching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis ſweetned, and then hugs

Himſelf for his rare workmanſhip. --- So here *ſits.*
Will I my Drolleries, and bloudy Lantskips
(Long paſt wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
With ſhadows now I want the ſubſtances. *book.*
My muſter-book of hell-hounds; were the Chriſtians,
(Whoſe name ſtand here) a live and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges. What I have done.
Or ſhall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried
With violence of zeale, and ſtreams of ſervice
I ow our Roman Gods. Great Britain, what
A thouſand wives with brats ſucking their breaſts,
Had hot Irons pinch'd 'm off, and thrown to ſwine;
And then their fleſhy back-parts hewen with hatchets,
Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed ſtarv'd Chriſtians.
Ha, ha,
Agen, agen,-*Eaſt Anglas*,-oh, Eaſt-Angles
Bandogs (kept three days hungry) worried
1000. Britiſh Raſcals, ſtied up fat,
Of purpoſe ſtript naked, and diſarm'd.
I could outſtare a year of ſuns and moons,
To ſit at theſe ſweet bul-baitings, ſo I could
Thereby but one Chriſtian win to fall
In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred
Eyes boar'd with Augurs out: oh! eleven thouſand
Torn by wild beaſts: two hundred ram'd i'th earth
To th' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
But far enough for reaching; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Riſe,*
Tuſh, all theſe tortures are but phillipings, *Conſort.*
Flea-bitings; I, before the deſtinies *enter Angelo with a bas-*
My bottome did winde up, would fleſh my ſelf *ket filld with*
Once more upon ſome one remarkable *fruit and flowers*
Above all theſe; this Chriſtian ſlut was weil,
A pretty one; but let ſuch horrour follow
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the ſound
May feel an earth-quake. How now?
Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir--ſo great a Roman ſpirit
And doth it tremble!

The.

The. How cam'ſt thou in? to whom thy buſineſſe?

An. To you:
I had a miſtris, late ſent hence by you
Upon a bloudy errand, you intreated
That when ſhe came into that bleſſed Garden
Whither ſhe knew ſhe went, and where (now happy)
She feeds upon all joy, ſhe would ſend to you
Some of that Garden's fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promiſe ſav'd, are brought by me.

The. Cannot I ſee this Garden?

Ang. Yes if the Maſter
Will give you entrance. *Angelo vaniſheth*

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the moſt bright cheek'd Child I ever view'd;
Sweet ſmelling goodly fruit: what flowers are theſe?
In *Diocleſians* Gardens, the moſt beautious,
Compar'd with theſe, are weeds: is it not *February*?
The ſecond day ſhe died? Froſt, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the Beard of Winter; where's the ſun
That guilds this ſummer? pretty ſweet-boy, ſay, in what
Countery
Shall a man finde this garden---, my delicate boy, gone!
Vaniſhed!
Within there *Julianus* and *Geta*---

Enter two ſervants.

Both. My Lord.

The. Are my gates ſhut and?

1. And guarded.

The. Saw you not--a boy?

2. Where.

The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000. bleſſings danc'd upon his eye, a ſmooth fac'd glorious Thing, that brought this basket.

1. No ſir. *Exeunt.*

The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you.
No! vaniſh'd and not ſeen! be thou a ſpirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am ſure
This is eſſentiall, and how ere it grows,
Will taſte it. *Eats.*

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Harpax within.*

The. So good, ile have ſome more ſure.

Har. Ha,ha,ha,ha, great lickoriſh fool.

The. What art thou?

Har. A Fiſherman,

The. What doeſt thou catch?

Har. Souls, ſouls, a fiſh call'd ſouls.

Enter a ſervant.

The. Geta.

1. My Lord,

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, *within.*

The. What inſolent ſlave is this dares laugh at me?
Or what is it the Dogs grins at?

1. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow *Julianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. Jupiter! all within me is not well,
And yet not ſick.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

The. What's thy name ſlave?

Har. Go look. *At one end.*

1. 'Tis *Harpax* voice,

The Harpax? go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may ſtamp upon him.

Har. Fool, thou lyeſt. *At the other end*

1. Hee's yonder now, My Lord,

The. Watch thou that end,
Whilſt I make good this.

Har. Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha. *At the middle.*

The. He is at Barli-break, and the laſt couple are now in hell:
Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloudy,
And pav'd with thouſands of thoſe Chriſtians eyes
Whom I have tortur'd, and they ſtare upon me.
What was this apparition? ſure it had
A ſhape Angelical; mine eys (though dazled
And danted at firſt ſight) tell me, it wore
A paire of glorious wings; yes, they were wings,
And hence he flew; 'tis vaniſhed. *Jupiter*,

For

For all my ſacrifices done to him
Never once gave me ſmile: how can ſtone ſmile, *Muſick.*
Or wooden image laugh? ha! I remember
Such muſick gave a welcome to mine ear,
When the fair youth came to me: 'tis in the air
Or from ſome better place; a power divine,
Through my dark ignorance on my ſoul does ſhine,
And makes me ſee a conſcience all ſtain'd ore,
Nay drown'd, and damn'd, for ever in Chriſtian gore.
Har. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*
The. Agen? what dainty reliſh on my tongne
This fruit hath left! ſome Angel hath me fed;
If ſo toothfull, I will be banqueted. *eats another.*
Har. Hold. *Enter.* Harpax *in a fearfull ſhape,*
The. Not for *Cæſar.* *fire flaſhing out of the ſtudie.*
Har. But for me thou ſhalt.
The. Thou art no twin to him that
Laſt was here.
You powers, whom my ſoul bids me reverence,
Guard me: what art thou?
Har. I'm thy maſter.
The. Mine.
Har. And thou my everlaſting ſlave: that *Harpax,*
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.
The. Avant.
Har. I will not; caſt thou down
That basket with the things in it, and fetch up
What thou haſt ſwallowed, and then take a drinke
Which I ſhall give thee, and I'm gone.
The. My fruit!
Does this offend thee? ſee.
Har Spit it to the earth,
And tread upon it, or i'le piece-meal tear thee.
The. Art thou with this affrighted? ſee, here's more *flowers.*
Her. Fling them away, Ile take thee elſe and hang thee.
In a contorted chain of Iſicles
I'th frigid Zone: down with them.
The. At the bottome.

One

One thing I found not yet. A *croſſe of flowers,*

Har. Oh, I am tortur'd.

The. Can this do't? hence, thou Fiend infernall, hence

Har. Claſp *Jupiters* Image, and away with that.

The. At thee ile fling that *Jupiter*; for me thinks
I ſerve a better Maſter: he now checks me
For Murthering my two daughters, put on by thee;
By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,
She is not Angry with the Axe nor me,
But ſends theſe preſents to me; and ile travel
Ore worlds to finde her, and from her white hand
Beg a forgiveneſſe.

Har. No, Ile binde thee here.

The. I ſerve a ſtrength above thine: this ſmall weapon
Me thinks is armor hard enough.

Har Keep from me. *ſinks a little:*

The. Art poſting to thy center? down, hel-hound, down
Me thou haſt loſt; that arm which hurls the hence,
Save me, and ſet me up the ſtrong defence
In the faire Chriſtians quarrel. *Enter Angelo.*

Ang. Fix thy foot there;
Nor be thou ſhaken with a *Cæſars* voice,
Though thouſand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a River, that ſhall waſh
Thy bloudy hands clean, and more white than ſnow;
And to that Garden where theſe bleſt things grow;
And to that Martyr'd Virgin, who hath ſent
That heavenly token to thee; ſpread this brave wing.
And ſerve than *Cæſar* a far greater King

The. It is, it is ſome Angel; vaniſh'd again!
Oh come back, raviſhing boy, bright meſſenger;
Thou haſt (by theſe mine eys fixt on thy beauty)
Illumined all my ſoul: Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which as they did
Out-dare the bloudieſt, thou bleſt ſpirit that leads me,
Teach me what I muſt do, and to do well.
That my laſt act the beſt may parrallel. *exit.*

Enter

Enter Diocleſian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon. *meeting* Artemia; *attendants.*

Art. Glory and Conqueſt ſtill attend upon
Triumphant *Cæſar.*
Dioc. Let thy wiſh (fair daughter)
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence *Maximinus,*
Whoſe power, with mine united, make one *Cæſar.*
Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds conſider'd in which we ſtand tied,
As love, and Empire, I ſhould ſay, till now
I ne're had ſeen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Miſtreſſe.
Art. Sir you ſhew your ſelf
Both Courtier and Souldier; but take heed,
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harſh refuſall in my ſervant,
Cannot dart forth ſuch beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter ſuch a powerfull one,
That with a pleaſing heat wil thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of Ice; love ſtill is love,
His Bow & Arrows are the ſame; great *Julius,*
That to his ſucceſſors left the name of *Cæſar,*
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eys
Beheld the large plains of *Pharſalia,* cover'd
With the dead Carkaſſes of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other Lord but him, ſtruck deep in years too,
(And men gray hair'd forget the luſts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra,*
A ſupplyant to the *Magick* of her eye,
Even in his pride of conqueſt, took him captive;
Nor are you more ſecure.
Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the Gods you are moſt excellent)
Your gravity and diſcretion would o'recome me,
And I ſhould be more proud in being a priſoner

To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
Wealth, title, Empire, that my ſword hath purchas'd.
Dioc. This meets my wiſhes: welcome it, *Artemia*,
With out ſtretch'd arms, and ſtudie to forget
That *Antoninus* ever was; thy fate
Reſerv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.
Ep This happy match brings new nerves to bring ſtrength
To our continued league. *Maced.* *Hymon* himſef
Will bleſſe this marriage, which we will ſolemnize
In the preſence of theſe Kings.
Pon. Who reſt moſt happie,
To be eye-witneſſes of a match that brings
Peace to the Empire.
Dioc. We much thank your loves:
But where's *Sapritius* our Governour,
And our moſt zealous Provoſt, good *Theophilus*?
If ever Prince were bleſt in a true ſervant,
Or could the Gods be debtors to a man,
Both they, and we, ſtand far ingag'd to cheriſh
His piety and ſervice.
Art. Sir the Governour
Brooks ſadly his ſons death, although he turn'd
Apoſtata in death; but bold *Theophilus*,
Who, for the ſame cauſe, in my preſence ſeal'd
His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
Having with tortures firſt tried to convert her,
Drag'd the bewitching Chriſtian to the ſcaffold,
And ſaw her looſe her head. *Dio.* He is all worthy.
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how ſhe ſuffer'd.
Art. 'Twill be deliver'd.
With ſuch contempt and ſcorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highneſs laughter,
Then the leaſt pity.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus

Dioc. To that end I would hear it.
Art. He comes, with him the governour.
Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderneſſe;

But

But yet remembring that you are a father,
I will forget it: good *Theophilus*,
I will ſpeak with you anon: nearer your ear. *Sapritius.*
The. By *Antoninus* ſoul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendſhip,
Without demanding what's the cauſe that moves me,
Receive my ſignet, by the power of this,
Go to my priſons, and releaſe all Chriſtians
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what ſhall follow?
The. Haſte then to the port,
You ſhall finde there two tall ſhips ready rigg'd,
In which embarke the poor diſtreſſed ſouls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny;
Enquire not whether you are bound, the Diety
That they adore will give you proſperous winds,
And make your voyage ſuch, and largely pay for
Your hazzard, and your travel: leave me here;
'There is a ſcene that I muſt act alone.
Haſt good *Macrinus*, and the great God guide you.
Mac. I'le undertake't, there's ſomething prompts me to it,
'Tis to ſave innocent blood, a ſaint-like act;
And to be mercifull, had never been
By mortall men themſelves eſteemed a ſin. *Exit. Mac.*
Dio. You know your Charge.
Sap. And will with care obſerve it.
Dioc For I profeſſe, he is not *Cæſars* friend,
That ſheds a tear for any torture that
A Chriſtian ſuffers: welcome, my beſt ſervant,
My carefull zealous Provoſt, thou haſt toild
To ſatisfie my will, though in extreams,
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling
Prithee deliver, and for my ſake do it,
Without exceſſe of bitterneſſe, or ſcoffes,
Before my brother and theſe Kings, how took
The Chriſtian her death.
The. And ſuch a preſence
Through every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperiall crown,

Her ſtory will deſerve, it is ſo full
Of excellency and wonder.
Dioc. Ha! how's this?
The. O marke it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an Embaſſie from heaven
By a wing'd Legate; for the truth delivered,
Both how and what this bleſſed Virgin ſuffered:
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will riſe up with reverence; and no more!
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the Cannoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
Who lying *Greece* ſo boaſts of; your own Matrons,
Your Roman Dames, whoſe figures you yet keep
As holy relicks, in her hiſtory
Will finde a ſecond Urn: *Gracchus Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in death deſir'd to follow
Her husband, *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*,
That ſwallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
Though al their ſeveral worths were given to one
With this is to be mention'd.
Max Is he mad?
Dio. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly,
This did no more.
The. They out of deſperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous ſons,
As the raſh *Gracchi* were; nor was this Saint
A doting Mother, as *Cornelia* was:
This loſt no husband, in whoſe overthrow
Her wealth and honour ſunk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious, but aiming
At an immortall crown, and in his cauſe
Who only can beſtow it, who ſent down
Legions of miniſtring angels to bear up
Her ſpotleſſe ſoule to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celeſtial muſick, equall to
The motion of the ſpheres, ſhe uncompel'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*,
You were preſent at her death, did you ere here

Such

Such raviſhing ſounds?

Sap. Yet you ſaid then it was witchcraft,
And deviliſh elluſions.

The. I then heard it
With ſinful ears,& belch'd out blaſphemous words
Againſt his Diety, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Dio. Why doſt thou now?Or dar'ſt thou in our hearing?

The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burſt with rage,ſhould they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would ſpeak, and ſpeak again, and boldly;
I am a Chriſtian, and the powers you worſhip
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him

Dio. Thou twice a child (for doting age ſo makes thee)
Thou Could'ſt not elſe, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almoſt paſt through in this laſt moment,
Deſtroy what ere thou haſt done good, or great;
Thy youth did promiſe much,and grown a man,
Thou madeſt it good, and with increaſe of years
Thy actions ſtill better'd: as the Sun
Thou didſt riſe glorioufly,kept a conſtant courſe
In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
When thou ſhouldſt paſs with honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sap Yet confeſſe
That thou art mad,& that thy tongue & heart
Had no agreement.

Max De, no way is left elſe,
To ſave thy life, *Theophilus.*

Dio. But refuſe it,
Deſtruction as horrid, and as ſuddain
Shall fall upon thee, as if Hell ſtood open,
And thou wert ſinking thither.

The Hear me yet,
Hear me for my ſervice paſt.

Art. What will he ſay?

The. As ever I deſerv'd your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I ſue for;
Nor is it fit, that I, that neere knew pity
To any Chriſtian, being one my ſelf,
Should look for any: no, I rather beg
The utmoſt of your cruelty; I ſtand
Accomptable for thouſand Chriſtians deaths;
And were it poſſible that I could dy
A day for every one, th en live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An eaſie pennance, and I ſhould paſſe through
A gentle cleanſing fire; but that denied me,
It being beyond the ſtrength of feeble nature,
My ſute is, you would have no pity on me:
In mine own houſe there are a thouſand engins
Of ſtudied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miſerable Chriſtians, let me feel,
As the Sicilian, did his Brazen Bull,
The horridſt you can finde, and I will ſay
In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Deſpair not,
In this thou ſhalt prevail; go fetch 'em hither: *ſome go for*
Death ſhall put on a thouſand ſhapes at once. *the rack*
And ſo appear before thee, racks, and whips,
Thy fleſh with burning pinſors torn, ſhall feed
The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
The torture of the body, I'le ſupply
In puniſhing thy minde: fetch all the Chriſtians
That are in hold, and here, before his face,
Cut 'em in pieces.

The. 'Tis not in thy power,
It was the firſt good deed I ever did;
They are remov'd out of thy reach; how ere
I was determin'd for my ſins to die,
I firſt took order for their liberty,
And ſtill I dare thy worſt.

Dioc. Bind him I ſay,
Make every artery and ſinew crack,

The ſlave that makes him give the loudeſt ſhrike,
Shall have ten thouſand Drachms: wretch I'le force thee
To curſe the power thou worſhippeſt.
The. Never, never.
No breath of mine ſhall ever be ſpent on him, *They torture*
But what ſhall ſpeak his majeſtie or Mercie: *him.*
I am honour'd in my ſufferings; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more: alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens ſake more, my breaſt is yet untorn:
Here purchaſe the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me,
Max. He endures beyond
The ſufferance of a man.
Sap. No ſigh nor groan
To witneſſe he hath feeling.
Dioc. Harder villains. *Enter Harpax.*
Har. Unleſſe that he blaſpheme, he's loſt for ever:
If torments ever could bring forth deſpair,
Let theſe compell him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies again. *Falls down.*

Enter Dorothea *in a white Robe, Crowns upon her Robe, a Crown upon her head, lead in by the Angel,* Antoninus, Caliſte, *and* Chriſteta, *following all in white, but leſſe glorious, the Angell with a Crown for him.*

The. Moſt glorious Viſion,
Did ere ſo hard a bed yeeld man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you bleſſed ſpirits, and make haſte
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me; death, till this bleſſed minute
I never thought thee ſlow pac'd, nor could I
Haſten thee now, for any pain I ſuffer,
But that thou keeps me from a glorious wretch,
Which, through this ſtormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, bleſſed ſpirits I come,

And

And witneſſe for me all theſe wounds and ſcars,
I die a ſouldier in the Chriſtian wars. *dies.*

Sap. I have ſeen thouſands tortur'd, but nee're yet
A conſtancie like this.

Har. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haſte to thy place appointed, curſed fiend,
In ſpite of hell, this priſoner's not they prey,
'Tis I have won, thou that haſt loſt the day, *Exit Angelo.*

Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt, *the devill*
Yet I ſtand ſtill unmov'd, and will go on; *ſinks with*
The perſecution that is here begun, *lightning.*
Through all the world with violence ſhall run.

flouriſh, Exeunt.

FINIS.